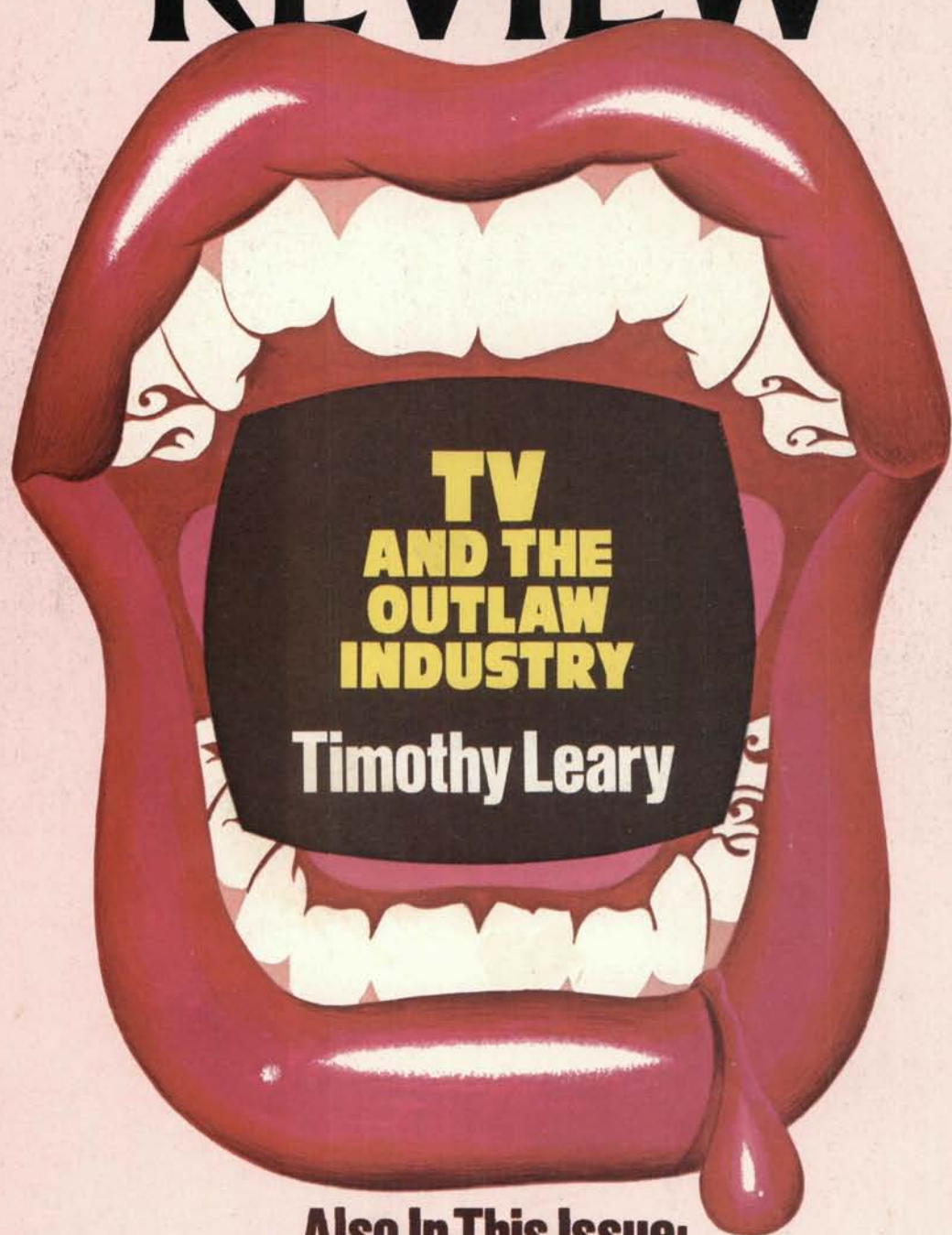


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APRIL 16, 1976

NATIONAL REVIEW



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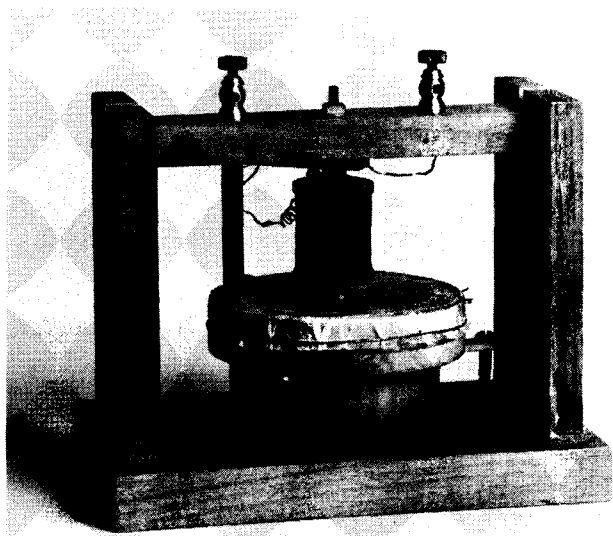


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One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Now that you've invented the telephone, Professor Bell, how can you make it so people can afford it?

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers were all thumbs in mechanical matters. He had a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a deep knowledge of speech and hearing. These assets enabled him to invent the telephone "mentally." But translating the concept into a working model required mechanical gifts he did not possess. And manufacturing telephones for use by the public posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

To be fair, very few people had any experience fabricating electrical devices in 1873, when Bell began the investigations that led to the telephone. Samuel F.B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was the only important commercial use yet made of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still some years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson



Thomas A. Watson

had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collaboration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you?"

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development

program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.



The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth

advantage concerned the evolving nationwide network: a single manufacturer could see to it that telephone equipment throughout the country would work together compatibly, thus assuring the "interconnectedness" of the network—its capability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department of Western Electric joined in the search for telephone improvements. Managers of local companies made suggestions based on day-to-day experience with customers. Outside inventors worked out refinements. Bell Telephone management weighed all the ideas, in terms of value to customers and practicality in manufacture. The best ideas were incorporated into the phones being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the subtle flow of engineering information and understanding within a technologically oriented enterprise—was a novel concept in those days. But the young telephone industry had already achieved a union of the successive stages of effort essential to the development of a coherent telephone system. Today Bell Laboratories is responsible for research and development. Western Electric looks for—and finds—better ways to make things. The 23 regional Bell companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs of their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management provides overall coordination and guidance. Some of the names are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materials change to finished product with suc-

cessive stages of manufacture integrated under one company. For example, a printing company might own paper mills and even its own forests. But there is a difference, because the Bell company was not, and is not, primarily a manufacturer of products. From the beginning, the partners in the enterprise — whether engaged in invention or manufacture or operations — sold telephone service, not telephone equipment.

For instance, there was the fundamental item of connecting the lines of two subscribers who wanted to talk. This was handled in central offices by a corps of operators, using cords, plugs and jacks. Setting up a call could take as long as seven minutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, working for the Bell company, devised a mechanical system that would allow a subscriber to reach up to 15 lines without the help of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. Strowger, a Kansas City undertaker, patented a dial machine constructed in a round collar box. It connected up to 99 lines. But the big city offices already handled thousands of lines, and the numbers were growing rapidly. The connection problem was growing much more rapidly, because of some basic geometry: it takes one line to interconnect two telephones, three lines for three telephones, six lines for four, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 99 telephones. In connections, added telephones were just the opposite of “cheaper by the dozen.”

The Bell company set out to develop a machine that would connect any of 10,000 telephones — 49,995,000 possible connections. The search was costly, but necessary for continued good service, and the various parts of the company joined to pursue it to a successful conclusion. (Today in the



Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

United States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion — 10 million billion — possible connections.)

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive — so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone

equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about \$120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used



For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserving energy and scarce raw materials.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone

industry, cost savings benefit not only shareholders; they are passed along to the public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost of living rose 74%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones. The quality of the service is the envy of the world.

Numerous studies have been made of the role of the Bell organizational structure in achieving those results. One of the most recent, concluded in 1974, was made by the independent auditing and management consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission. According to their report:

“Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies.”

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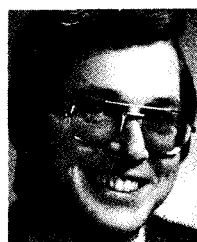


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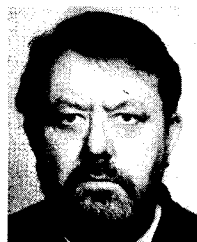
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Letters

Reagan and the Right

Your coverage of the first few primaries—Jeffrey Hart's "So Long, New Hampshire" [March 19] and now John R. Coyne Jr.'s "The Verdict" [April 2]—has been just great. I only wish Ronald Reagan, who remains Number One in my Hit Parade, had matched your handling of the story with a performance on the stump that would have netted him the few hundred votes in New Hampshire and the few thousand in Florida that might have changed history.

My hope is that Reagan will remain in the race at least long enough to convince the President that there is a hard core of the GOP, 40 to 50 per cent strong, that votes as a bloc, and that votes Right.

Incidentally, I thought your April 2 cover one of the best ever; certainly the best photograph of Reagan I've seen in recent months.

Winnetka, Ill.

PHYLLIS DALRYMPLE

Jude Wanniski's article dealing with Ronald Reagan's \$90-billion "blunder" ["Don't Let Them Bamboozle You, Mr. Reagan," March 19] was needed by all of us who had wondered why our idol seemed to waffle.

There is one crucial matter that Wanniski did not mention: \$90 billion spent by the Federal Government today inevitably becomes income to someone, and that someone is apt to resist Reagan's ideas.

In the state where I work, *mea culpa*, as a member of the bureaucracy, there was an increase of 67,174 jobs—48.9 per cent—in government between 1964 and 1974. Payroll costs for government employees increased by over \$1 billion—189.7 per cent—and the average salary paid to government employees increased by 91.2 per cent.

Many of those in government are caring for the leaf rakers; these are the poor souls for whom many government clerks work and draw their salaries. If the private housing industry grew enough to take a sizable percentage of welfare cases off the rolls and into private employment, what would civil servants do? ("To dig I am unable; to beg I am ashamed . . .")

The difficulty with Wanniski's idea is that the bureaucracy, for all its protestations of social conscience, enjoys its income and will oppose any proposal to reduce Federal Government expenditures as an attack upon its security.

For many in the bureaucracy, poverty, disadvantage, and "injustice" are the reasons they have jobs, so such conditions must, at all costs, be maintained and encouraged to grow.

Jefferson City, Mo. CHARLES O'HALLORAN

Life in Taxachusetts

In your March 5 "Letters" column Hal Seagraves of Lyme, N. H. protests the 4.25 per cent state tax he pays on his earned interest income.

How lucky can this man be? Let him move to Taxachusetts and learn! Here his in-state interest is taxed at 5 per cent. The tax on interest from out-of-state deposits is 9 per cent. Then one must top it off with a 7.5 per cent surtax!

Oh, yes—our Democratic legislature is about to rip us off again with a further pay raise for themselves.

Carlisle, Mass.

THEODORE R. LUND

Men, Women, and Rape

M. J. Sobran Jr.'s flip putdown of Susan Brownmiller's *Against Our Will* ["Boys Will Be Rapiists," March 5] is a good example of the chauvinistic insensitivity she so brilliantly analyzes. Perhaps one really has to be female to appreciate her work, truly one of the most important books of our time, and one I believe that will prove of more lasting significance than the strange fantasies of Sigmund Freud. (It will certainly cause a lot less harm.)

As a conservative, educated, "over-thirty" person engaged in the triple role of wife, mother, and teacher, reading this sad history of human relationships has helped me to put my own being into perspective and emerge the wiser for finally *understanding* the nature of the stereotyped man-woman relationship that has plagued me for years. In brief, "to mine own self be true"—without guilt—and thereby become a *better* wife, mother, and teacher.

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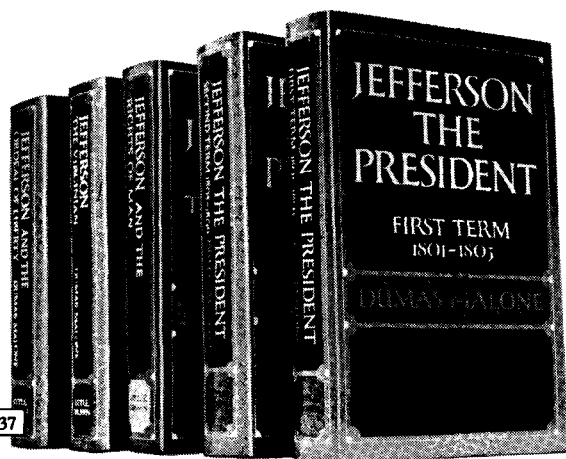
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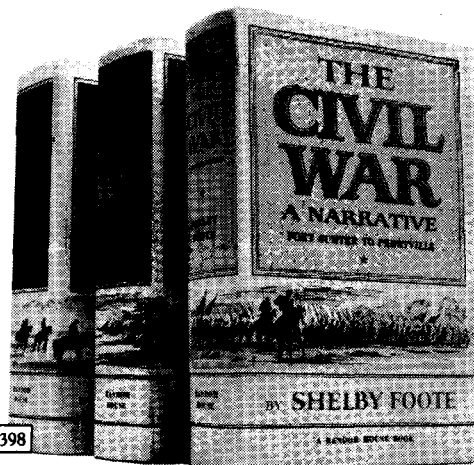
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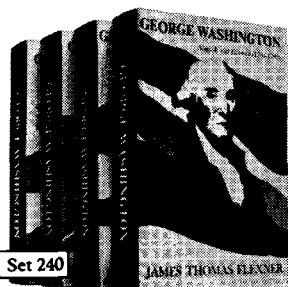
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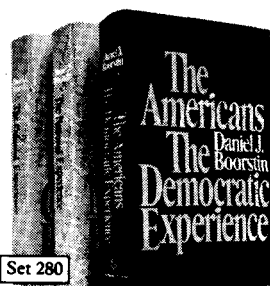
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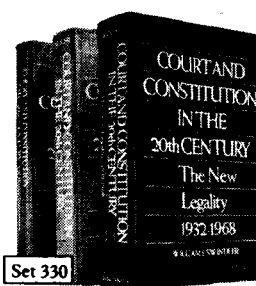
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 362)

Preposterous? I doubt if there is a woman around who upon reading this book would feel that way. Rather true, so sadly true, that one-half of the human race has since time began vilified, abused, and casually dismissed the rights and dignity, the essential humanness of the other half. It is the basic totalitarian condition, no less heinous than the state version spreading throughout the world today.

I am not a "dizzy feminist"—I've regarded the Women's Movement as rather silly and extremist, especially in its flamboyant beginnings. But I see it evolving now into an intelligent, purposeful, creative momentum encouraging women to blossom, and men to accept them truly as equals, without fear—and with some relief at shedding the oppressive *machismo* mantle.

Ridgewood, N.J.

GWYNE BROWN

My first thought on reading Mr. Sobran's review of Susan Brownmiller's book was: Can it really be this bad? Well, I should have known better. The answer is yes, of course, as I quickly discovered on skimming through it. Miss Brownmiller makes the insidious leap (not even original with her: it's a staple of the feminist movement) from hating rape over to hating male strength as such. This leads her into the extraordinary position of stigmatizing as masochistic a woman's enjoyment of the sexual differences between men and women.

But there is one thing that men writing on this subject have to watch. Mr. Sobran refers, at one point, to Miss Brownmiller's denunciation of "Ayn Rand as 'a traitor to her own sex' because she glorifies a rape in one of her novels: Randian woman, assaulted by Randian man, lies back and enjoys it. Solidarity with your own sex, in Miss Brownmiller's view, seems to have higher claims than romance with the other." Now, the scene in Ayn Rand's novel is just plain kinky, and Miss Brownmiller is right to object to it, although as usual she gets the terms of her objection wrong. It is precisely because sex is (*pace* Bernard Shaw) the most intimate of human relationships that rape is the most insulting.

Whittier, Calif.

BETTY HENDERSON

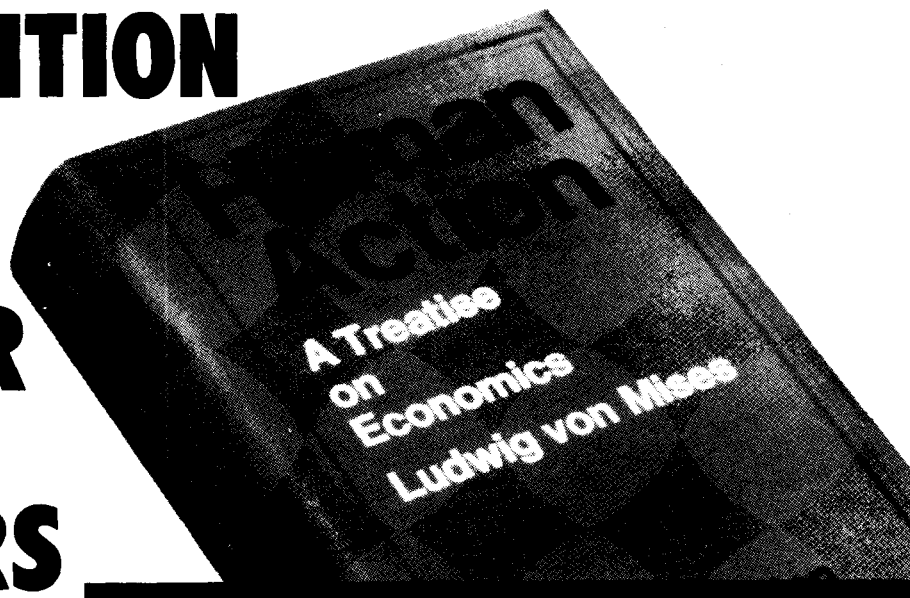
South Africa Next

I applaud James Burnham's grasp of the significance of Angola, as expressed in his columns in the February 6 and March 19 issues.

I only wish to add that American public opinion should be prepared for the alternatives which may soon present themselves in the relationship between Soviet invasion of southern Africa and American national security. Our choices are becoming quite clear: 1) totalitarian, Soviet con-

(Continues on page 368)

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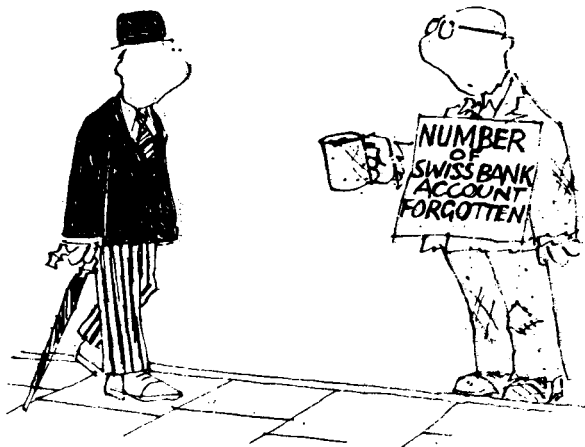
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Gloomier even than **Gerald Ford's** showing in North Carolina was recent **Gallup** that shows **Jimmy Carter** beating Ford by 47 to 42 per cent if the election were held right now. . . . A **Harris** poll taken a fortnight earlier showed Carter trailing Ford 37 per cent to 48 per cent. . . . Worrisome to other Democrats is Carter's strength with independent voters. Gallup shows him getting 28 per cent of the vote as against 22 per cent for **Wallace** (this was pre-North Carolina), and 15 each for **Humphrey** and **Jackson**. . . . In addition, a *Milwaukee Sentinel* rundown gives Carter 22 per cent, Jackson 13, Wallace 11, **Udall** 10 in Wisconsin. Jackson has been downplaying Wisconsin (April 6) and is basing his hopes on strong showing against Carter in New York (same day). . . . It's agreed by most pros that the departure of **Milton Shapp** from the race will help Jackson in Pennsylvania, where Shapp would have drained off some labor and Jewish votes from Jackson. . . . The liberal wing of the party, meanwhile, is closing ranks behind Morris Udall now that **Birch** has Bayh-bayhed. New York's new-leftist **New Democratic Coalition** has endorsed Udall as has **Americans for Democratic Action**. . . . In all Democratic camps there's nagging worry about entry into the campaign of unpredictable California Gov. **Jerry Brown** (his aides are now talking about getting his name on the ballot in Ohio).

■ Senate Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield**, who has had to run his business with eight or ten of his Democratic senators missing at any given time in recent weeks, believes the present system should be changed to a single nationwide primary. Mansfield says second best would be **Fritz Mondale's**



Breeze, *Punch*

proposal of six regional primaries. . . . On the West Coast, candidate **Tom Hayden** was not pleased by **Jerry Rubin's** recent statement that the **Chicago Seven** (Hayden was one of them) were "guilty as hell," nor mollified by Rubin's subsequent statement that he was speaking only for himself. Hayden, who is trailing Sen. **John Tunney** badly (55 to 15 per cent) in the Democratic race, wishes Rubin wouldn't remind Californians of his revolutionary past. Hayden, incidentally, has received the endorsement of the radical **California Democratic Council**—now down to membership of 15,000 from a late-Sixties high of 100,000. . . . On Republican side in California, former **Nixon** aide **Robert Finch** is leading **S. I. Hayakawa** 37 per cent to 32 per cent in the senatorial primary. . . . **Lowell Weicker** has it made—with leading Democrats in Connecticut. Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff** won't oppose him ("He's got a good record"), nor will Democratic Gov. **Ella Grasso** ("He's deserving of lots of praise"). . . . In Virginia, Republican Gov. **Mills Godwin** has endorsed the senatorial candidacy of independent **Harry Byrd**; will ask the GOP convention not to run a candidate against Byrd. Retired Adm. **Elmo Zumwalt** is running in the Demo-

cratic senatorial primary. . . . In New York the liberal Republican **Ripon Society** has endorsed Rep. **Peter Peyser**, who is mounting a campaign against Sen. **James Buckley** (as who isn't in New York these days?). The Ripon Society, incidentally, recently advertised its *Forum* and *Journal* in the very liberal *Democratic Review*. . . . And in Washington, leaders of the **American Independent Party** and **American Independence Party**, both offshoots of the 1968 Wallace movement, have picked a late July date for their third-party presidential convention.

Rotheo

■ In London, British Foreign Secretary **James Callaghan** reportedly has told visiting Soviet Foreign Minister **Andrei Gromyko** that Britain will not stand for Soviet or Cuban intervention in Rhodesia. Callaghan reminded Gromyko that Rhodesia is still legally British territory. . . . The **UN Special Committee on Apartheid** will, under the sponsorship of the General Assembly, hold a seminar in Havana in May "in support of the struggle for liberation in South Africa." . . . It's estimated that about one-sixth of **Castro's** overall military establishment (navy-army-air force) is now overseas. That includes the 12,000 to 15,000 in **Angola** (and probably **Mozambique**), and contingents in other African and Asian states. . . . Funny thing: Castro has chosen this particular moment to ask permission for the state-owned airline, **Cubana**, to fly over the United States on its new Havana-Montreal service.

■ Hoist: **Peter Clyne**, author of *How Not to Pay Taxes*, has been found guilty in Dallas of preparing false income tax documents (for a third party) and now faces a three-year prison term. Clyne is appealing.

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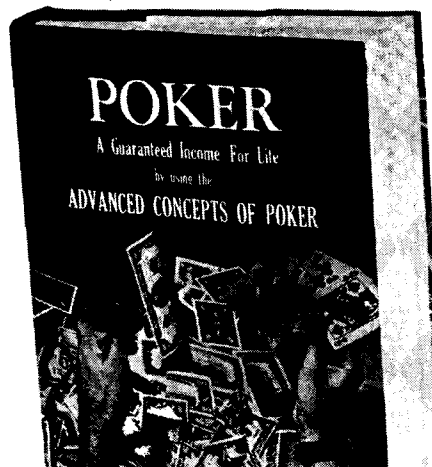
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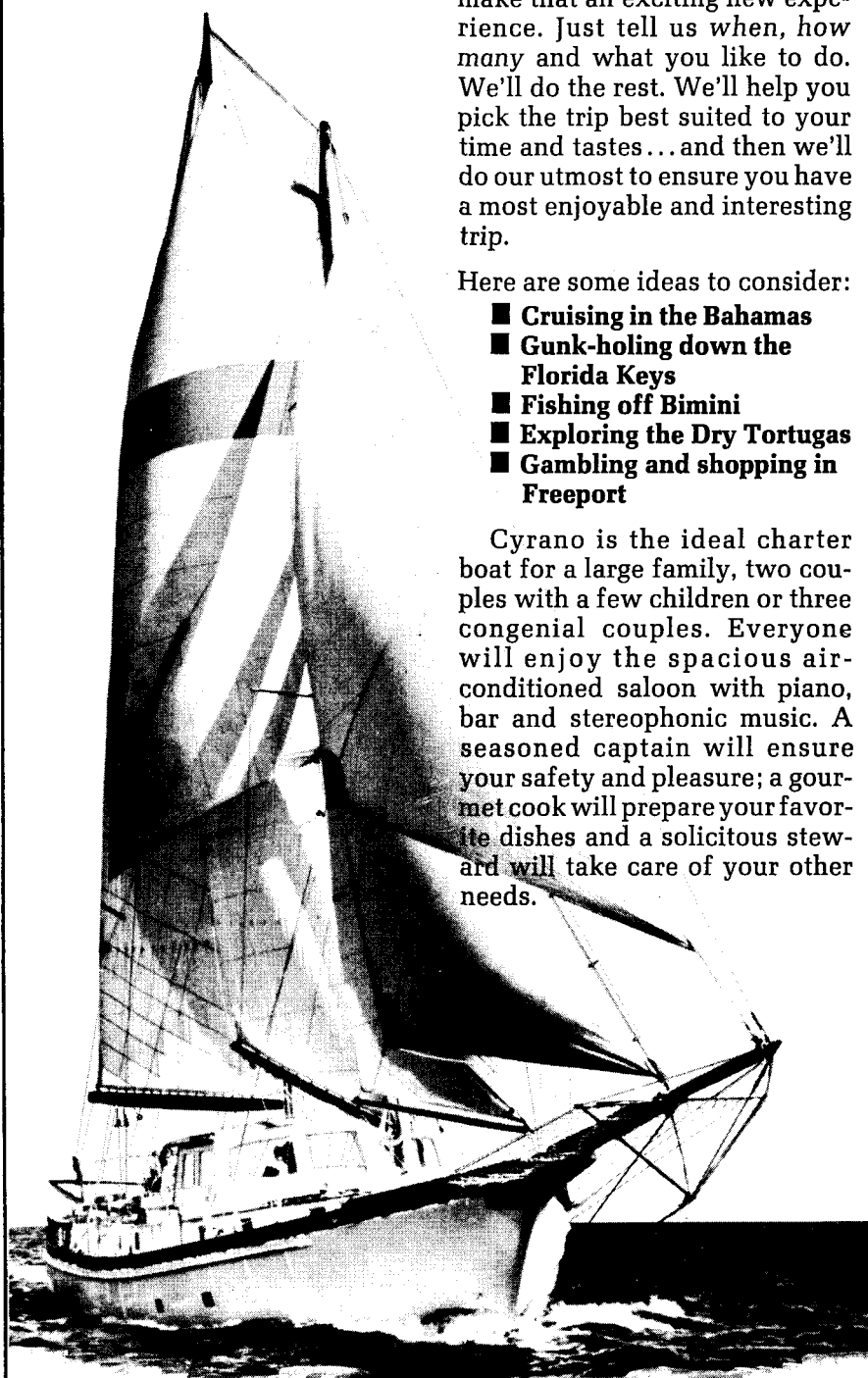
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 364)

trol in southern Africa, or 2) U.S. support of the Republic of South Africa.

Only totalitarianism could be considered more abominable than apartheid. It appears that the U.S. has no choice but to support John Vorster's government in its struggle with Soviet aggression. Vorster and the supporters of the racist policy of apartheid have made and will continue to make compromises when their national security is at stake. The Soviet Union and its totalitarian ideology have never made a significant compromise.

The USSR must greatly appreciate the contributions made to its cause in southern Africa by the analyses of Senator Dick Clark of Iowa and Senator John Tunney of California. In a report issued after his trip to Angola, Clark stated: "I don't believe the Soviets will gain substantially if their faction wins. The leader of the Soviet-backed MPLA told me he wanted Angola to be a non-aligned country that would have good relations with all countries on an equal basis..." Influencing his constituency and colleagues with this type of pathetic naïveté, Clark actually provides a vehicle for the USSR's takeover of southern Africa.

Topeka, Kan.

D. M. ADKINS

New York and Her Leaders

The reason that NATIONAL REVIEW is a great magazine is that it contains, every once in a while, an article such as "The Leader as Mass Man" by Joseph F. Johnston Jr. [March 19]. His piece is a compendium of conservative wisdom applicable to New York City.

Perhaps you ought to reprint thousands of copies to send to all public officials. This could be the "Message to Garcia" of our time.

New York, N.Y. STANLEY GOLDSTEIN

Joseph F. Johnston's extended analogy between the Fall of Rome and the Fall of Us—one of the most beloved of all commonplaces—Rome has taken more of a beating from the tribe of Gibbon than the tribe of Alaric—prompts me to suggest that you editor-folk establish some rules for the use of this old chestnut.

Equal time shall be given to establishing the following facts:

1. It took Rome several centuries to "fall," and a "fall" that is so slow that no one living at the time could notice it would not be called a fall by some people.

2. Anyone who presumes to do politico-economic analysis of the late Empire and draw large historical conclusions from it in public must present a signed statement from his mother declaring that he has too read M. I. Finley's *The Ancient Economy*!

3. One who writes about "a professional army in which most ordinary citizens did not participate..." should be told that the Roman army of the late

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empire consisted of *mercenary units* (i.e., whole tribes of barbarians), not *professional individuals*.

4. "Bread and circuses" was such an old tradition in Rome by the time of the "fall" that it should count as a "traditional moral standard" by any sensible computation: doles going back to the second century B.C., and entertainments even further back. When 600 years stand between the alleged cause and the putative effect, we need some prop for our precariously perched credulity.

5. The Fall of Rome analogy means that we are just hitting our stride as a corrupt, decadent, and doomed race, and that we are in for a free ride of anywhere from 200 to 800 more years of business at the same old stand (200, if you believe that technology speeds up everything, including decay; 800, if you believe that science and technology let you mend small rents in the system, thus postponing the eventual collapse).

Of course, the best thing to do, if you are historically minded, is to realize that history *never* provides rhetorically useful models of *anything*. Historians, from Thucydides to Gibbon, have been ga-ga over historical tableaux that seemed to have beginnings, middles, and ends. But history has no such things: there *are* no Falls of Rome, there are just historical developments and changes, few of which could possibly have been foreseen by the politicians who set them in motion. History is usually the tale of the resilience of human nature readjusting to the shocks administered to human society by politicians' madness or simplicities. Given the tremendously long run of the Roman system, it would appear that Roman politicians, as mistaken as they no doubt were on countless matters, made fewer assaults on the ordinary human assumptions about life than any politicians before their time; and given their attractive record over time compared with ours, I beg very seriously to differ not just with Mr. Johnston's analogy, but with the whole idea that Rome's Fall, which was hardly that, serves as an analogy to ours, if that's what we are coming to. If we *properly* applied the analogy, we should wince in shame that we are so *inferior* to Rome.

Waltham, Mass.

DOUGLAS J. STEWART
Professor of Classics
Brandeis University

The Schools

Five years ago I graduated from a Catholic college that has since become secular in order to be eligible for Bundy Money. While I share Dr. Kirk's disgust with federal and state government controls in exchange for funding ["One More Foul Blow," Feb. 20], I must take issue with some of his remarks regarding formerly Catholic colleges.

It has been my experience that a number of the conditions necessary for a college to be considered secular were already

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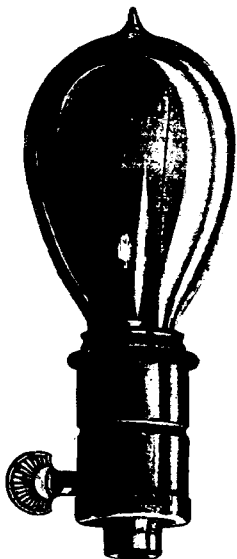
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in effect when my school was still nominally Catholic. While I was attending college the credits required for theology and philosophy courses were lowered considerably, and students were not forced to attend chapel. The library probably contained a "disproportionate number of Catholic books." However, most of the textbooks used in religion classes were by liberal and radical theologians, who at their best completely undermined Catholic traditions and doctrine.

I believe that over the past ten years, most Catholic colleges have become secular in practice. By accepting Bundy Money, they are not "selling out"; they are merely causing themselves a little more paperwork.

Bronx, N.Y.

GERALDINE VOELKEL

And the Teachers

Jeffrey Hart's piece on America's impending political realignments ["Earthquake Time in America," March 5] was extremely thought-provoking, particularly those sections that dealt with educational issues. I wonder, though, if some of his negative remarks about teachers could have been lightened a little.

Granted, during the past ten years teachers' salaries have risen sharply while high school achievement scores have fallen. Yet, that period also witnessed a record number of assaults on teachers by students and a sharp increase in the rate of inflation.

Mr. Hart asserts that increasing numbers of parents are "getting sore." Certainly this is true. One only hopes the numbers will continue to grow and their influence will be weighty enough to effect badly needed solutions to the many problems that plague our schools. There are, however, many parents whose most salient characteristic is their apathy. They care little about disciplining their children in the home and nothing about the curriculum. For them the school provides nothing more than state-financed child care.

No doubt considerations of space and the general theme of his article required Mr. Hart to limit his remarks on education. However, the baleful influence of television, the ubiquitous decline in the work ethic, the erosion of family stability, our youth's growing predilection toward both violence and cynical apathy, and a mushrooming, parasitic school bureaucracy make it erroneous to imply that teachers play the major role in America's educational decline.

Yucca Valley, Calif.

R. J. DALTON

Strengthening the Weak

The closing sentence of your editorial "Planned Unemployment" [March 19], "We can't make employees richer by making employers poorer," reminded me of a recent pre-primary editorial by the president of a local radio station (WNHV, White River Junction, Vt.) in which he quoted the following: "You cannot uplift

small men by tearing down big men. You cannot reduce the number of poor by reducing the number of rich. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot truly help men by doing for them what they *could* and *should* be doing for themselves."

To this list I would add one more: You cannot keep a nation free or strong by weakening its defenses.

I read *NATIONAL REVIEW* from cover to cover but would subscribe to it for von Dreele's contributions alone. These generate smiles and chuckles and even an honest-to-goodness guffaw or two ("Debriefing Nixon," March 19). Unfortunately, few writers today have that healthy effect on this reader.

Lebanon, N.H.

MARIAN ROYCE

Freer Enterprise

In his article, "Watering the Money Tree" [March 5], Treasury Secretary William Simon pointed out inequities in the corporate tax structure. However, his proposals for reform would not advance this country toward the goal of a laissez-faire economy. His policies, like the campaign strategy of Ronald Reagan, incorporate a view of government action that does not refute the dominant liberal premises.

Mr. Simon's concern with increasing capital investment has a sound basis. But he ought to mold his suggestions toward the reduction of federal intervention in the market place. As a Cabinet officer and an antagonist of the 94th Congress, Mr. Simon's options as a bureaucrat and advocate are restricted. But the options of other conservatives are not so restricted, and these conservatives should reorient their advocacy of free enterprise to stress its moral imperative and its eminent practicability. A policy of rectifying the corporate tax structure is quite vulnerable to attack for its pro-business bias. As Mr. Simon's own arguments show, only in the long run—a perspective that too few have—would the average person become the chief beneficiary.

Mr. Reagan has acknowledged empathy with the libertarian idea, but so far he seems more concerned about the manner than the fact of intervention by Washington. If one argues that advocating non-intervention is politically unwise, let it be remembered that it was the wavering Barry Goldwater of 1964 and not the uncompromising one of *Conscience of a Conservative* who lost to Lyndon Johnson. Mr. Reagan's core constituency (those whom William Rusher dubs "economic conservatives") is committed to many anti-statist positions. From this "rock-ribbed" base, via the instrument of education, an uncompromisingly pro-capitalist group can take the reins of power. The half-hearted measures of Mr. Simon will not win converts nor liberate conservatives from the albatross of appearing overly favorable to corporate interests.

New York, N.Y. NICHOLAS J. HOWARD

THE WEEK

■ "We make a beverage in Ireland known as Irish whiskey. It stimulates both thought and action," said Irish Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave, addressing the U.S. Congress on St. Patrick's day. He got a staggering ovation.

■ "What do those who speak so glibly about one-way streets or pre-emptive concessions propose concretely that this country do?" asked Henry Kissinger rhetorically. The *Wall Street Journal* fired back a ten-point program: "Stop firing Secretaries of Defense who are performing well Receive Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn at the White House Openly interrupt the flow of American technology to the Soviet Union" Meanwhile, Mr. Kissinger is coming in for more heavy criticism from Elmo Zumwalt, whose forthcoming memoirs include notes taken immediately after their private conversations. Zumwalt writes: "He states strongly that the President misjudges the people. He feels that the U.S. has passed its historic high point, like so many earlier civilizations. He believes the U.S. is on the downhill and cannot be roused by political challenge. He states that his job is to persuade the Russians to give us the best deal we can get, recognizing that the historical forces favor them." (See "Kissinger's View of History," *NR*, April 2.)

■ House Minority Leader John Rhodes, perturbed by the dismal voting records of congressional candidates for the Presidency, is proposing a constitutional amendment "that would preclude any member of Congress from taking office until two years after the last date of service in the Congress." A representative or senator, in other words, would have to resign to run for the Presidency. Although, as Rhodes points out, it is improper for Americans to pay legislators full-time salaries for part-time work, his proposed legislation stands little chance of becoming law. As one of his assistants put it, "Legislators seldom legislate against themselves."

■ It came as a surprise to many that the option was open to Mayor Beame: to serve notice that he intends to pull New York City employees out of the Social Security system in two years' time. With that official notification, Beame has set the clock ticking; at any time between now and March 31, 1978, he (or his successor) can reverse the decision, but if he sticks with it, New York is out of Social Security forever. Beame argues that city employees are already covered by city pension plans. Social Security costs the city about \$200 million a year (its contribution equals 5.85 per cent of each employee's salary). City employees who have contributed to Social Security for ten years will not lose their investment in the system, but those who haven't will.

Union leaders immediately attacked the Mayor. "It's the great step backward in the city's history," said one. But to the individual worker, it may not seem such a bad idea. The 5.85 per cent of *his* salary the city won't be sending off to Washington each week means a \$900 raise this year, and more next. And the workers may prefer the cash in hand to the check at 65, particularly in view of the adequate, not to say opulent, pension plans their union leaders have wangled out of the city since 1957—the year New York joined Social Security.

■ Alger Hiss we apparently will always have with us, but the cause of his vindication and rehabilitation, so dear to the hearts of elderly intellectuals and academics, has been dealt a powerful blow by history professor Allen Weinstein of Smith College. Weinstein is preparing his own book on the Hiss case. He has had access to the thousands of documents heretofore in the possession of the Justice Department, as well as to the defense files; and in the April 1 issue of—surprise—*The New York Review of Books*, he devastatingly reviews the new pro-Hiss book by John Chabot Smith, *Alger Hiss: The True Story*. Weinstein concludes that "Hiss has been lying about his relations with Chambers for thirty years." He goes on: "It is the defense files, which Alger Hiss generously allowed me to see, that have produced (as have interviews with Hiss himself) some of the most damaging evidence against him." About Chambers' allegations: "his essential testimony has held up remarkably well under the most skeptical scrutiny of all the new evidence."

■ Last autumn the North Korean government defaulted on its foreign debts, and since then has made no payments of either interest or principal. A breakdown of the total shows \$700 million owed to the Soviet Union and more than \$1 billion owed to Western nations and Japan. If any of his comrades had asked Lenin how they were going to pay for that rope, he obviously could have replied: Just charge it.

■ The British Government has released a white paper showing that "in conventional ground and air forces the imbalance in Central Europe has moved further in the Warsaw Pact's favor." The members of the Pact have half again as many aircraft as have the NATO countries; they have two warships to every one of NATO's; and they are building submarines at almost twice the rate at which the Western governments are constructing them. The paper claims that as long as the NATO alliance retains its military vigilance, the Soviet bloc is unlikely to attack Western Europe. But see James Burnham's column ("Clearboard to the Rhine") in this issue.

■ A public figure must observe one inflexible rule: Appear virtuous. There are two general ways of managing this: being virtuous, and not getting caught. Princess Margaret has got herself caught. It would be presumptuous for us to comment on the unhappiness of her marriage to Lord Snowdon, long an open secret; but we

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Many of the deep divisions within the Republican Party growing out of the Reagan-Ford primary fight threaten to remain permanent. A case in point: the open feud between North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms and Governor James Holshouser. Helms, one of the Senate's very few 100 per cent conservatives, has been stumping the state for Reagan, and his own former campaign manager, Tom Ellis, is Reagan's state campaign manager. Holshouser, North Carolina's first Republican governor in a century, is Ford's Southern campaign coordinator. Ellis has been attacking Holshouser for using state planes, personnel, and money to campaign for Ford, and has been attempting to exploit the Bo Callaway issue, pointing out that Holshouser's chief aide had once worked for Callaway in a Georgia gubernatorial campaign. Holshouser's aides in turn accuse the Reagan camp of attempting to sabotage Holshouser's pro-Ford appearances by scheduling Reagan for campaign stops at the same times and in the same places. The feud has intensified, say aides in both camps, and it will not end with the primary. Ford has promised that if he is elected, Holshouser will serve in his Cabinet. Holshouser, who cannot succeed himself, is expected to use his tour in Washington to increase his visibility, and to return to North Carolina in 1978 to run against Helms in the primary. Helms has strong support among conservative Democrats as well as Republicans and would have the edge in a general election. But Holshouser is considered stronger among regular Republicans, and since there is no cross-over voting in North Carolina primaries, he is given the advantage. And it is an open secret in the White House that all adamant Reaganites are now on the Administration's enemies list.

■ Campaign notes: Jimmy Carter tells audiences that there are 1,900 federal agencies and he intends to reduce the number to 200. He also says, however, that he will support the creation of yet another agency having to do with environmental protection and a separate Department of Education. Newsmen traveling with Carter say he spoke favorably in Florida of creating a new Department of Health. . . . Carter's candidacy will meet its stiffest test on May 11, in Nebraska, where Hubert Humphrey's name will remain on the ballot. . . . Ford critics find it peculiarly coincidental that the closing of certain military bases, long rumored to be in the works, wasn't announced until after the primary in Florida, the state due to be hardest hit. . . . Ronald Reagan, on Ford's campaign stops in North Carolina: "If he comes with the same sort of goodies he brought to Florida, the band won't know whether to play 'Hail to the Chief' or 'Santa Claus Is Coming to Town.'" . . . George Wallace claims that Jimmy Carter promised to support him in 1972 and then reneged. Wallace backers are circulating flyers at Carter rallies listing the former governor's sins in Georgia. Among them: "As governor of Georgia, he had the portrait of Communist-associated civil-rights agitator Martin Luther King place [sic] in [sic] state capitol."

■ Apparently yearning for the days of the great Watergate-hearings circuses, Representative John J. Flynt (D., Ga.), chairman of the House Ethics Committee, estimates that his hearings into who leaked the subsequently leaked leak to CBS newsman Daniel Schorr will feature hundreds of witnesses and will cost at least \$350,000 above normal budget levels. Included in this estimate is approximately \$12,000 for travel expenses for investigators, a figure that puzzles Flynt's colleagues

since, as one puts it, "everything that happened, happened in Washington and New York." On soberer consideration, the House decided not to go along. A House subcommittee has cut Flynt's suggested budget back to \$150,000. Still and all, a remarkable sum of money, especially when, as one newsman points out, satirist Mark Russell has already uncovered the culprit. Schorr was the beneficiary, says Russell, of a little governmental gremlin of the sort that lives deep in the bowels of the thousands of Washington copying machines. Russell calls it "The Leak Fairy."

■ It's now nearly official. After an intensive seven-month study, the National Cancer Institute has announced that all available evidence strongly suggests that cyclamates do *not* cause cancer in humans. Manufacturers of cyclamates are now demanding that the Food and Drug Administration, which banned cyclamates in 1969, lift the ban immediately. But the FDA, like all federal agencies, refuses to admit the possibility of a mistake. Sniffs one FDA spokesman: "Care should be taken not to add to the speculation that an FDA decision is imminent." FDA researchers, who insist that the matter needs "further study," maintain that whatever they may do to humans, cyclamates certainly seem to have a peculiar effect on rats. Muses one FDA critic: "Perhaps the thing to do is outlaw Tab for rats."

■ Proof that he has arrived are the Jimmy Carter jokes currently making the rounds in Washington. The best to date: When Jimmy Carter was a little boy he chopped down a cherry tree. His father asked, "Jimmy, did you chop down that cherry tree?" Jimmy looked his father straight in the eye and replied, "Perhaps."

—CATO

do find ourselves in agreement with those Britons who complain that her public misbehavior, and her apparent nonchalance about her private misbehavior, constitute a dereliction of her duties. She receives an ample allowance (\$70,000 per year) for merely being royal. She might be expected to act the part, especially when respectability may be so easily acquired by being conscientiously simulated.

■ In his resignation as Prime Minister, Harold Wilson remained perfectly in character as postwar England's consummate Artful Dodger. Recognizing that he had

come to the end of the line, and ever the short-term realist, he drew the correct conclusion and stepped down. His career was terminated by the very split in the Labor Party he had for so long papered over. Only six days before he quit, his proposals for cuts in social spending were defeated in the House of Commons as 37 left-wing Laborites abstained. That, in effect, was the end of Wilson, his policies, and possibly his party. The Labor Party has been caught in a trap. Its pragmatists might address themselves to England's economic problems, but they cannot appease or control the Marxist Left. The Labor Left has no answer for the economy. If Margaret

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The conservative image has sagged a bit in the last few years. A diet of troubles hasn't helped, and our circulation figure shows it ('course it stays right about that "magic" 100,000 mark — but we expanded well beyond that in the *last* presidential election year). But this *bicentennial* year should be a whale of a good year for new people to bone up on all facts and information NR has to offer — we mean to do better or *bust*.

Seriously, it is a great year to introduce new people to *National Review*. Every election year, people tell us that our unique coverage is *exactly* the kind of thing they can't find elsewhere. Not surprising: there is no other magazine quite like NR, and we are at our very *best* in election years, with a refreshing and different view of the candidates and the issues (never *straightlaced* either).

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It's an easy and economical way to do somebody a favor (and us too, of course): many of our most avid readers were introduced to us this way (so your introduction may be the beginning of a life-long friendship!) Why not do it now, before you forget? Conservatives especially have a great deal at stake this year — let's make every word count. Pay later if you prefer, but use the card now? **We need your support.**



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Thatcher, to her misfortune, came to power at this juncture she would face enormous and perhaps violent opposition from the trade unions. This could be the end of the line for more than Wilson and his government, but he will watch it all from the comfort of the Scillies.

■ In their public statements, Hanoi's leaders have been proclaiming that reunited revolutionary Vietnam will be both peace-loving and non-aligned. Peking, especially, has noted the conflict between these reassuring words and simultaneous activities in Vietnam. Near North Vietnam's chief port, Haiphong, for example—less than 400 miles from the Chinese border—installations are now under construction for the repair and servicing of Soviet submarines. As token of future naval cooperation, Moscow has agreed to give Vietnam a 13,000-mile range Whiskey class submarine, for which crews are being trained in Russia and Poland.

■ “Well, that was her defense, and it didn't wash. Not with a presiding judge who seemed, at times, only a little more objective than the judge who sealed the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti.”—NATIONAL REVIEW's legal correspondent, Harriet Van Horne, writing in the *New York Post*, March 22.

■ “. . . Incarceration is bearable only if one has, like Oscar Wilde or Alger Hiss, a rich, mature inner life.”—NATIONAL REVIEW's metaphysician on call, Harriet Van Horne, *ibid*.

■ Our Patriot of the Month is Mr. John E. Coyne of Batavia, Ohio, who has just been released after *six months* in jail for contempt of court. Coyne was jailed for refusing to comply—as a matter of principle—with a zoning ordinance that required him to remove a 35-ton Sherman tank from his property.

North Carolina Perspective

I. Reagan

Ronald Reagan's victory in the North Carolina primary has several kinds of significance. First of all, it is diagnostic. President Ford had indeed been winning in the first five primaries, but hardly winning by overwhelming margins. In those first five primaries the Republican vote said clearly that a large proportion of Republicans prefer an alternative to the incumbent President or (as indicated by the many stay-at-homes) don't care one way or another. This negative judgment may have to do with particular policies, style of leadership, White House personnel, or other factors, but it emerged as a salient fact of political life. It is emphasized sharply by Reagan's North Carolina victory.

Consider, in addition, another aspect of that victory.

The Trouble with Henry

The Romans rose and ruled and fell;
The Greeks, who for a time flew higher,
Departed with the tolling bell,
At one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Time tugs at our collective sleeves
As Spengler wrote, the bleak forewarner,
But Henry Kissinger believes
Our end is just around the corner.

W. H. VON DREELE

In North Carolina, particularly toward the end of his campaign there, Reagan stressed foreign policy issues. On the morning after the voting, Mr. C. L. Sulzberger's regular *New York Times* column began as follows, and, though he had written it in Rome and was not thinking about North Carolina, his sentences can plausibly be read as a comment on the result there: “There are hints that ‘homo boobus,’ H. L. Mencken's affectionate term for the political American, is at last starting to realize his country is plummeting down the power slide. The coming splash could be a dismal experience for the freedom whose second century he celebrates this year.”

The impression that the Administration is floundering in foreign policy was not lessened by Secretary Kissinger's “threats” against the adventurist Castro regime. As Mr. Sulzberger goes on to note: “The net result is that we are seen abroad to be following Teddy Roosevelt's policy adage—in reverse. Today Washington's fashion seems to be to talk increasingly loud while carrying a little stick. Nowhere is this more acutely noticed than in Italy, a land loyal to power. Italians like the winning side.”

President Ford remains the front-runner for the Republican nomination, but the North Carolina result reminds him—and Mr. Kissinger—that discontent with their performance is deep and perhaps spreading.

II. Carter and the Democrats

Harvard political historian Louis Hartz in a famous passage once compared the Democratic Party to the sun, the Republican Party to the moon. Important developments, he thought, first take place within the Democratic Party and only later find a reflection, a paler one, in the Republican “moon.”

Trends emerging around 1964 suggested that this relationship might at last be reversed. The South was on its way out of the Democratic coalition, as were such other important elements as the blue-collar ethnic groups and even the Jews. The gates of opportunity opened before the Republicans. Nixon's “Southern Strategy” in 1968 and 1972, plus his conscious cultivation of the ethnics, sought to exploit the opportunity at least in cosmetic ways.

As of 1976, it begins to look as if the gates of opportunity are swinging shut for the Republicans. The active new developments, as in Hartz's sun-moon metaphor, seem to be taking place within the Democratic Party.

The quick disappearance of Harris and Bayh, plus the evident weakness of Udall—he apparently hopes to be the president of Wisconsin—point to the current weakness of left-liberalism in the Democratic mixture. Simultaneously, the two newest and freshest Democratic personalities—Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown—have emerged from just that Southern-Western “sun belt” or “rim land” the Republicans might have added to *their* coalition. Carter, notably, is suggesting that he can bring the South back into the Democratic Party through a new sort of post-liberal appeal. But not only the South. In the primaries thus far he has shown that he can attract a remarkably broad spectrum of voters, and he may in the process be defining a *new* national Democratic consensus. All of this, to be sure, will be subject to longer and closer examination, but the old Democratic sun/Republican moon relationship may be re-establishing itself.

The Sovereign Lawbreaker

The usual commentators have had a field day pouncing on a paragraph in the sworn deposition that Richard Nixon submitted March 11 to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence:

“It is quite obvious that there are certain inherently governmental actions which, if undertaken by the sovereign in protection of the interest of the nation's security, are lawful but which, if undertaken by private persons, are not.”

As is his custom, Mr. Nixon has herein twisted his subject into a prickly shape, but, as is also not an infrequent feature of his remarks, a serious point lurks beneath the brambles. These commentators are correct in their gleeful reminder that under our system the President is not of himself “the sovereign.” Our sovereign, by the terms of the Constitution, is the Siamese triplet of Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary, resting ultimately on the will of the people. However, as head of government, the President, in fulfillment of his assigned duties (enforcing the laws, commanding the military, etc.), is the individual who must execute the sovereign will—which is probably what Nixon was trying to get at.

Political philosophy and common sense have always understood that there are from time to time occasions when the head of government must act outside of and even counter to the law: *salus populi* becomes *suprema lex*. In Rome, this problem was handled by the institution of the temporary dictator. The English tradition provides an illuminating solution. Faced with an acute emergency, the sovereign—the King in the old days; later, the leader of Parliament acting in the King's name—could and should act beyond the law if he saw no other

way. But at the earliest possible moment (sometimes weeks afterward when it took a long time to assemble the legislators), he must report to Parliament, explain his non-legal or illegal actions, and beg exoneration therefrom. This, Parliament could confer by, and only by, passing an “Act of Immunity.” In this way both the general principle of the rule of law and the pragmatic necessity of sometimes acting outside the law were preserved.

This ancient doctrine tends to confirm the widespread instinctive belief that Nixon's real crime was not his acts but his coverups.

An American Myth

In media-whipped twentieth century America, nearly every decade has produced its consummate jury trial, dazzling in its mythic reduction of the reigning tensions and symbolic preoccupations. For the Twenties, it was the Scopes trial; for the Thirties, the Loeb-Leopold trial; for the Forties, the Hiss trial; for the Fifties, the Rosenberg trial; for the Sixties, the trial of the Chicago Seven; and for the Seventies, it may well prove to be the “Patty trial.”

In this latest as in the earlier cases, the verdict reached by the jury probably doesn't make much difference to the symbolic role. What has conferred lasting notoriety on each case is the fact that popularly perceived, contemporary circumstances conspired to produce it; and it was those circumstances themselves, gorgeously flaunted in a court of law, that provided the glamor and the fascination.

Did Patty not exist, she might have had to be invented by some Hollywood movie mogul. She is the quintessential rebellious kid, and then some, of the Sixties: she is in fact almost a cartoon. As the granddaughter of a man who himself has become something of an American immortal; as the spoiled, frustrated daughter of very wealthy parents; as the perpetrator of poison-tape communications to her doting family; as Tania coiled in cobras, shooting up banks, she is almost a burlesque of paradigmatic Sixties youth.

People everywhere devoured accounts of her trial, but

Thank You, North Carolina

Last Tuesday at my TV screen
I grinned at Cronkite turning green;
I hee-hawed at the draining blood
From Severeid and Roger Mudd
Then Wednesday in the *New York Times*,
The headline story rang my chimes.
I haven't been this happy since
I heard that Humphrey used a rinse.

W. H. VON DREELE

you never heard anybody make bets on its outcome, nor did the newspapers speculate much on the matter. What appealed to the imagination were not legal and moral issues of guilt—all highly technical—but Patty's story itself. Parents who raised the Sixties kids had witnessed this sort of thing before, albeit in less spectacular form; and for those kids themselves, stories of bomb sketches and arms caches were twice-told tales. The staff of *The New York Review of Books* can draw *bombs*, for God's sake.

Does this mean then that the verdict itself is insignificant in all respects? Again, no. Had Patty been acquitted, there would have been a great squalling, from Riverside Drive to Watts: "You can't put a million bucks in jail, baby." Twelve citizens would have emerged from sequestration to be denounced as 12 permissive pardoners. Instead, public opinion is reassured by the fact that 12 jurors, sympathetic to the defendant and wishing to believe her, nevertheless declared her, at trial's end, guilty.

It is plausible to suspect that one reason for the jurors' initial inclination toward Patty was that her plight was, for all its bizarre embroideries, merely a variation on a theme become familiar. What is familiar seems at least to be partly understandable; and what is partly understandable seems also to be, in this psychiatrically oriented age, partly excusable. Moreover, Patty commenced her criminal career as a victim of criminals, which was bound to win her sympathy. But it is also true that we have been . . . shall we say, "brainwashed" into assuming that an act of political violence by the Left is a sign that we and our society are guilty of something.

The Hearst jury, however, was not merely confronted—as was the entire American public—with the facts of Patty's depredations; it was also forced—as most Americans never are—to sit down and confront them, long and soberly, with spiritual rigor. It was forced to disembarass itself of any number of the cultural, political, and psychiatric clichés that normally govern contemporary public reaction. Having cut through platitudes, it struck ringingly upon common sense. When her jurors had done with Patty, she was still a myth—but she was no longer a beckoning myth.

Busing for the Suburbs

While attention focuses on busing ordered within the city of Boston, and on the consequent social and educational disasters, illuminating developments have begun to take place in the surrounding suburbs.

Newton, Massachusetts is a town of some 90,000 people located on Boston's western boundary. Middle- and upper-middle-class in character and almost entirely white, it has long been liberal in its political complexion. Its schools have in the past gone in for creative and "innovative" departures. It therefore came as an enormous shock earlier this month when the School Com-

Our African Policy

Some day (it may be coming soon),
South Africans will face High Noon;
With backs against the southern sea,
They'll battle with catastrophe
Until, from Cairo to the Cape,
They understand there's no escape.
Then will the Russian fleet sail down
To claim the base at Simonstown,
While tankers make their nervous way
With petrol for the U.S.A.?

W. H. VON DREELE

mittee in Newton voted to prohibit one of its elementary schools from participating in a "pairways" program—weekly field trips with inner city Boston pupils. In January the Framingham School Committee voted against a similar program for high-school students.

Other voluntary busing schemes have also been running into trouble. The plan known as METCO, for example, involves the busing of inner-city volunteers to suburban schools where space is available. METCO does not require suburban pupils to be bused into Boston. Yet it has run into funding difficulties at the state level and increasing opposition from suburban anti-busing groups.

Opponents of these voluntary plans offer a number of objections to them. Some claim voluntary city-suburban busing is only the thin end of the wedge and could lead to compulsory programs later on. Others say that social programs of this kind are a distraction from the time that ought to be devoted to studies. These and other objections may be sincere to some degree, but it is difficult not to believe that the integration applauded by the suburbs when enforced in South Boston is now proving unacceptable in liberal suburbs like Newton. As the director of METCO put it, with earthy bitterness: "People in the suburbs have taken the word metropolitanization to mean the niggers are coming."

A + Not-A = 0

In a speech delivered in Dallas March 22, Secretary Kissinger affirmed: "The United States cannot acquiesce indefinitely in the presence of Cuban expeditionary forces in distant lands for the purpose of pressure and to determine the political evolution by force of arms. . . . We have issued these warnings before. I repeat them today. The United States will not accept further Cuban military interventions abroad." He added a warning to the Soviet Union that U.S. relations with Moscow could not survive "another Angola."

He then turned to the Rhodesian question, and declared U.S. opposition to the "white minority" Rhodesian government and its support of "majority" (i.e.,

black) government. The U.S., he said, will not be lured into support for white-ruled Rhodesia by American opposition to "massive Soviet and Cuban military intervention" in Africa. "We have no stake in and will give no encouragement to illegal regimes" in southern Africa. "Let no one believe that American support can be extorted by the threat of Cuban groups or Soviet arms."

The contradictions in the policy of detente have seldom been so directly exposed. We are for black rule in Rhodesia. We are against Soviet or Cuban intervention in Rhodesia. But in the real world of spring 1976 black rule in Rhodesia is indissolubly tied to Soviet and Cuban intervention; without the intervention there could not be, at least for some years hence, the shift in rule. In fact, of course, the Soviet intervention started long ago—in weapons, training, instructors, funds for the guerrilla forces. And more recently the Cubans are also on hand.

Mr. Kissinger's two lines of policy cancel each other out. We are left with no policy. Or, rather, we are left with detente's only coherent element: its "relaxing of tensions"—its softness, that is, toward Moscow.

Proposition 15

In the middle of March, for the first time in their history, United States oil companies imported more oil than they pumped from American wells. This datum was little noticed here, but it will have brought joy to the sheiks of Arabia and Nigeria. What does it matter that America's leaders orate about energy self-sufficiency, when the country is becoming ever more dependent on foreign supplies? This June the people of California vote on an anti-nuclear initiative that, if approved, will make the sheiks, among others, even happier. The initiative, Proposition 15, is the child of California's powerful environ-

mentalist lobby, which is waging a ferocious campaign on its behalf. If approved, Proposition 15 will make it virtually impossible to construct nuclear power plants in California. It's doubtful the anti-nuclear movement will be content with success in California.

Nuclear power has many outspoken enemies. Ralph Nader is one of them. He claims nuclear plants "involve the risk of releasing significant amounts of cancer-causing, leukemia-causing, or genetic damage-causing radioactive materials." Yet polls show most Americans disagree with the people's advocate and want to go nuclear. The vast majority of America's scientists agree with the majority of the American people. In the January issue of *Scientific American*, retired Cornell Professor H. A. Bethe, winner of a Nobel Prize in physics, wrote a lead article entitled "The Necessity of Fission Power."

Professor Bethe isn't a Pollyanna. He doesn't pretend that the risk from nuclear power is zero. He confronts and analyzes what he considers to be the opponents' two serious contentions: 1) a reactor accident might release catastrophic amounts of radioactivity; 2) the spread of nuclear reactors will encourage the proliferation of nuclear weapons. The first point he dispatches convincingly by citing a Reactor Safety Study commissioned by the Atomic Energy Commission. "Taking into account all types of reactor accidents," writes Professor Bethe, "the average risk for the entire U.S. population is only two fatalities per year from latent cancer and one genetic change per year. Compared with other accident risks that our society accepts, the risk from nuclear reactors is very small." The second objection, the proliferation of nuclear weapons, he considers the most serious of all the objections to nuclear power, but he points out that proliferation will not be prevented if the U.S. chooses not to build reactors at home and to stop selling them abroad. Western Europe and Japan both need nuclear power and have the technology to acquire it; both also





Uluschak, Edmonton Journal, Canada

Rothco

need foreign currency for their oil imports, and will be able to get it by selling their reactors abroad. In order for the United States to set standards or safeguards, he says, the United States must be a participant in reactor manufacture and trade.

Professor Bethe says he entered the nuclear power dispute in response to all the "nuts" who were dispensing "misinformation couched in noble rhetoric." His cogent, compelling, and lucid argument should prompt some of the more rational opponents of nuclear energy to unbuckle their minds and re-evaluate their position.

End of the 22nd Ceasefire

The fall of the Beirut Holiday Inn is symbolic of Lebanon's year-long civil war. The Holiday Inn was the most conspicuous symbol of Western influence in Beirut, the most sophisticated and cosmopolitan city in the Mideast. When this oasis of culture, pleasure, and money was suddenly blasted by shellfire last October, the Christian Phalangists made the Holiday Inn their fortress; last month they were finally driven out. But no: look again! Here are the Phalangists creeping back in three days later, and the Moslems having to attack them all over again: a typically inconclusive conclusion.

It was in mid-January that Syria came in, imposed the 22nd ceasefire in four months, and began forcing the factions to negotiate. Under the umbrella of Syria's ceasefire, a Moslem, Ahmed Khatib, supported by the Libyans and Iraqis (Syria's rivals for leadership of the hardline Arabs), started fashioning a Lebanese Arab Army out of deserters from the regular army. Nearly half the regular army joined the LAA, whereupon the higher-ranking officers threatened a coup. President Franjeh, a Christian, was on point of resigning when the Syrians dissuaded him. Then, on March 11, Brigadier Aziz

Ahdab pulled off his "coup," by taking over a TV station at pistol-point and proclaiming himself military governor. For a few heady days, Lebanese of all political and religious persuasions, joyful at the prospect of trading anarchy for some sort, any sort of stability, fell in behind him. But Franjeh stalled, the Syrians intervened again, the wavering Christians swung back behind the Christian president—and Ahdab marched off to join the LAA. This led, dizzily, to a situation in which the radical left Palestine Liberation Army and pro-Soviet Syria, through its indigenous Lebanese puppets, intervened militarily to prevent the overthrow of a right-wing Christian president.

There have been plenty of Byzantine (and contradictory) suggestions as to Syria's motives. To pick the more plausible: 1) Syria wants a calm Lebanon, freeing her to concentrate on Israel, and doesn't believe it can be achieved without the Franjeh bloc. 2) Syria hopes the Christians will in fact partition the country, throwing the Arabs, who control the Lebanese-Israeli border, into Syria's arms. 3) Syria wants to keep things stirred up to distract the Palestinians from protesting her rapprochement with Jordan. And 4) there are even a few Mideast observers who interpret the Lebanon events as merely one more episode in the third great surge of Islam. Whether Ceasefire 23 or Round 5 of the Mideast War will follow, only Allah knows.

Hillsdale and '76

Michigan's Hillsdale College is still in the news; still awaiting a ruling in its dispute with HEW, a ruling to be handed down by HEW itself, as to whether Hillsdale students (not the college itself) are eligible to receive federal loans, GI Bill funds, and other government monies they would ordinarily be eligible for, had not Hillsdale refused to comply with HEW's affirmative action directives. Little Hillsdale as an institution has always proudly refused government aid, but considers this action by HEW a kind of unfair discrimination against her students as individuals, and a devious assault on her own institutional independence.

The whole dispute makes one wonder why all those who complain so loudly about the Imperial Presidency are so silent about those voracious and unwieldy praetorians of the Executive branch, the Imperial Bureaucracies. Where did affirmative action come from? To whom is it answerable? Those who worry about making government "responsive to the people" are notably untroubled by such questions.

If Ronald Reagan is looking for issues, he might try this one. It was not a law but a bureaucratic ukase that launched "affirmative action." It has taken wings under the noses of three Presidents who have professed to oppose it; it is the darling of officials within the Executive branch who are, in theory, under the authority of the Chief Executive, but who have been given remark-

able license to go their way, issuing directives that in effect require discrimination by race and sex—apparently on the theory that a pattern of injustice to members of one group can be repaired by individual injustices to members of another. At the level of principle, this notion deserves an explicit public challenge. At the level of leadership, we could use a President who is willing to stand up to his own subordinates. The Hillsdale case concretizes both these matters, and affords Reagan a dramatic chance to put them on the national agenda.

Shroud of Turin

By the time this issue of *NR* reaches most readers, a momentous step in the story of the Shroud of Turin [see *NR*, July 20, 1973] will have been taken. For seven years a commission composed of scientists and other experts has been subjecting the supposed burial cloth of Jesus Christ to extensive tests. The Shroud is a 14 x 3 foot linen cloth. For centuries it has been venerated as a holy relic, and the markings on it have been thought to represent a kind of image of Jesus after He was taken down from the cross. With the invention of photography, however, the history of the Shroud took a new turn. The Shroud was found in photographic negative to show a detailed and anatomically exact image of a man who had been crucified.

The commission studying the Shroud has now completed a major part of its investigation, and will make public its report. According to a commission spokesman, the report will conclude that no evidence has been found contradicting the belief that this is the burial cloth of Jesus. The garment, he said, "could have come from the area and time of Our Lord."

The absence of negative evidence in this case is significant if not definitive; the internal evidence of the garment itself appears to be strong.

To mingle small things with large, it will be fascinating to see how the media handle this extraordinary development.

Through a Glass, Leftly

In the fever of spring and the spirit of North Carolina, we offer a bouquet of news items about the madcap Left, a culling from one week's newspapers.

Madame Gandhi has charged that an international campaign has been launched "to create the impression that India has abandoned democracy." . . . Edward Gierek, the Polish Communist Party leader, won 99.99 per cent of the vote in last Sunday's parliamentary elections, the highest ever for a Polish Party First Secretary. . . . William Kashian, general secretary of the Communist Party of Canada, has returned from the Party Congress in Moscow with news for his compatriots: "One can most vividly see," he says, "that on the questions

that count there is real democracy in the Soviet Union and hardly any at all in the capitalist world." . . . The Sheriff of Nottingham has declined to attend his city's annual Robin Hood Day festival because Hood, R., was, he says, "a mugger, a grown up juvenile delinquent, a small time outlaw, and a punk." . . . New York City's demonstration in support of the East Timorese People's Struggle against Indonesian Domination had to be postponed from March 24 to April 5, but the Third Anniversary of Wounded Knee was celebrated on time, in (where else but) Boston, the affair opening with "ritual drums and chanting and the singing of the Indian Movement Anthem." . . . Overwhelmed by emotion at the opening of the new hydroelectric project at Cantinas, Panama's top banana, General Torrijos, drove into the Bayano River fully uniformed, boots and all, followed by several senior officers and his ever-faithful but un-uniformed vice president Geraldo Gonzales. . . . And Harvard fair Harvard was the target of a demonstration by the Affirmative Action Task Force, a coalition of 12 Third World, feminist, and anti-imperialist campus organizations, opposing the University's discrimination against women and minorities both in its admission policies and in its employment policies, and further demanding the reinstatement of Sherman Holcomb, a black shop steward in the university kitchen. Holcomb had been fired—so help us—"for cooking the cauliflower au gratin too early."

Notes



Asides

■ Dear William Buckley:

Perhaps you recall that in a *Firing Line* conversation with you in 1967 I suggested that I might be more conservative than you—especially in regard to government interference with private enterprise.

If so, you may not be surprised that I am now sending you (enclosed) an entertainment which attempts to expose the exploitation of the public by left-wing promoters [see "TV and the Outlaw Industry: How Our Paranoias Are Hyped for Fame and Profit," page 382].

For the last month I have had the opportunity to engage in lengthy, daily conversations with Eldridge Cleaver. Both of us have had considerable experience as writer-prisoners—a traditionally good perspective from which to judge society. We have both lived in exile under Left dictatorships; both lived underground with American radicals. On the basis of these *real* experiences we agree that the Soviet system is the greatest threat to freedom, that the American system offers the greatest individual freedom, politically, culturally, and intellectually.

And, like you, we are both admirers of the "high-wire act" being performed by Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and Amalrik.

Best wishes,
Timothy Leary
Metropolitan Correction Center
San Diego, California

■ (From Harriet Van Horne, *N.Y. Post*, January 21, 1976) "Curiously, a woman contemplating a face-lift will read off the surgical register of the men who have had one. 'Look at Henry Fonda!' she will exclaim. Or Bill Holden, Kirk Douglas, John Lindsay, William Buckley, Senators Jackson, Humphrey, and only their barbers know who else . . ."

HARRIET VAN HORNE
NEW YORK POST
YOUR INFORMATION IS INCORRECT. PLEASE RETRACT.
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

(From Harriet Van Horne, *N.Y. Post*, January 29, 1976) "Denials, denials . . . the newspapers and airwaves are full of them. Out in San Clemente, Richard Nixon still denies everything. Agnew denies any 'impropriety' in accepting payoffs in a plain brown envelope while sitting as Vice President. Al Pacino denies he got married last week (well, he didn't even *know* the girl). Bill Buckley denies he had his face lifted. Is there nobody in a tight spot who is not Denying Everything?"

Dear Miss Van Horne:

1. For all I know, Al Pacino *didn't* even know the girl. 2. Your definition of integrity reduces to your failure to deny that you traffic in invidious inventions. A face-lift in your case would not get at your problem. Yours faithfully,

WFB

■ Dear Bill,

I must say a word about Mano's crudeness vis-a-vis the Russian "slaves" [*NR*, February 20, 1976]. He sees them standing in line for scarce consumer goods, patiently, like sheep, and from the height of his American affluence and freedom of choice, and especially his ignorance of history, of what a history of enslavement—brutal, bloody, unremitting enslavement of whole populations by one or another tyranny—does to minds and characters, he (33 years old and necessarily a Judge of Mankind) loudly despises them for it. Well, I think I felt my lips go bloodless when I read it. I was only 12 when I was carted off—fortunately—from what was left, after World War I, of an autocracy similar to that of the czars, a little more Westernized perhaps, a little more Parisian on the surface, but still a social ambiance where you knew you were stuck with whatever you were born into, forever: no mobility, no air, not a chance for moving anywhere; and where you did as you were told, and stood in line if luck had brought something, some-

where, to stand in line for. I haven't forgotten my astonishment at landing on these shores and finding that you could move from one address to another without notifying the police in triplicate of your intention to change domiciles; finding that being a member of the civilian population meant you had privacy, and were not subject to police rules as criminals in prison are—and as European populations under the old monarchies in effect were.

No use being longwinded about it, I'm only trying to say that no one begrudges the affluent and fortunate their affluence and good fortune—well, I don't; we need some examples of good luck around to feel hopeful about life in general. So it's fine with me if you choose to comfort the comfortable. But afflicting the afflicted is another matter, wouldn't you say?

Daniel writes that a world-famous Russian physicist, Eugene Lifshitz—no need to say he is a Jew—was permitted for the first time in seven years to leave the Soviet Union to attend a scientific conference at Trieste (which Dan attended). Last month he was again permitted to leave to deliver several lectures in Calcutta, at an International Symposium of Physicists. Dan says he was "the best speaker at either conference! Extremely forceful, clear as a bell, and lit up throughout with a delightful gremlin's smile, a wry, playful sense of humor. Moreover, notwithstanding his complaints, he can think and speak in English twice as fast as most native speakers." He lectures, apparently, about a physicist's conception of the universe—a universe giving birth to itself by a series of oscillations more like the process of organic parturition than anything else—"the universe is its own mother, its own uterus, but 'parturition' for the cosmos is not synonymous with 'partition' because mother and child remain indissolubly connected after birth." This view is the result of decades of scientific study by Dr. Lifshitz. Well, the Kremlin saw no harm in letting him out of the country to talk about it. I guess that makes him one of Mano's despicable "slaves." Whose slave, pray, are you, D. Keith Mano?

As ever,
Sophie Wilkins
New York, New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since His Grace, James P. Dees, Presiding Bishop of the Anglican Orthodox Church, has disavowed you, it may relieve your apprehensions to learn that I shall pray for you. Actually, I feel you will be moving up a bit, as I am an ardent royalist; and rest assured, I do not make such dispensations haphazardly. As a fifth-generation American whose family was on "the losing side" two hundred years ago, alas, I cannot be *sine nobilitate*.

Faithfully,
Samuel M. Brooks
St. Petersburg, Florida
—WFB

Clearboard to the Rhine

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

WE ALL KNOW that when the time draws near for Congress to make its annual decision on the Pentagon's budget, dire warnings about the increased strength of our potential enemies never fail to make a conspicuous appearance. These warnings may conceivably be as accurate as they are alarming, but their timing and, in many cases, their relation to the self-interest of their sponsors inevitably prompt a certain skepticism in assessing their cogency. This spring, however, something new, and less easy to dismiss with an ad hominem shrug, has been added.

A while ago, NATO assigned one of its senior officers—a European—to study the feasibility of a surprise attack on Western Europe. His report was finished recently, and is now circulating within the NATO command and relevant quarters of the constituent allies. It has not been made public and presumably will not be, but its contents have been made known—through what may be unofficially authorized leaks—to a few outsiders. Summaries and paraphrases have been published in the European press.

The report's principal conclusion is plain and simple: The Warsaw Pact forces, using only conventional (non-nuclear) weapons, are capable of delivering a successful surprise attack against Western Europe.

NATO's war plan is based on a "forward strategy" and a "flexible response." "Forward strategy" means, essentially, the intent to defend West Germany—a natural enough aim for an alliance of which West Germany is a principal member. "Flexible response" means that defense against an actual attack by Warsaw Pact forces using conventional weapons will in its initial phase also use conventional weapons only. If this fails, the defense will escalate to tactical (battlefield) nuclear weapons.

The first line of the defending NATO-ground forces consists of the West German units stationed along the border with East Germany—in effect, the West German frontier guard. The other units designated for the initial phase—Dutch, British, American, West German—are normally stationed up to 200 miles

back of the positions assigned to them by the forward strategy.

There are twenty Soviet divisions presently stationed in East Germany. Unlike the NATO divisions, these are at or near full strength in manpower, and have been notably strengthened in firepower during the past year. The NATO report, after analyzing the different possibilities for a surprise attack, concludes that the most likely is an operation begun by the Soviet divisions in East Germany, probably reinforced by six East German divisions. Within three hours from the start of their movement from their normal locations, these divisions could be across the Elbe and attacking the frontier guard.

Too Much Too Late

The report estimates that even on the most optimistic calculation, the NATO forces could not reach the positions assigned to them under the forward strategy in less than ten hours; some, like the Dutch corps normally 180 miles from its battle area, would need at least 24 hours.

By that time it would be too late. The Soviet units, with their advance assisted by paratroops, commandos, and the 16,000 Soviet agents that (the report states) are now known to be on duty in West Germany, would have vanished westward. Within 48 hours, the attacking force would be across the Rhine.

There are thousands of tactical nuclear weapons in the NATO armory. But, although "flexible response" calls for and is predicated on their use if and when the attempt at conventional defense breaks down, they cannot in fact be used until the President of the United States gives his personal order. Taking all factors into account—including the near certainty that the attack would begin just before dawn, which would be about midnight U.S. time—the report considers it a fair assumption that it would take the President from 36 to 48 hours to decide to use the battlefield nuclear weapons. By then, given the extent of the attack's advance, to use the nuclear weapons would cause far more casualties to al-

lied forces and to West German civilians than to the invading forces. Moreover, their use by NATO would be certain to bring an immediate counter in kind. It becomes a reasonable conclusion that in the actual conditions that would prevail, the tactical nuclear weapons would not be used. With the Warsaw Pact forces standing at the Rhine, the "West" would have been knocked off West Germany, as prelude to a Germany reunited within the Soviet bloc. If that were not accepted, there would remain only the final stage of "flexible response"—what the report calls "a nuclear conflagration at strategic level."

The report does not contend that such an attack is politically probable at present, but it rejects the long-standing NATO assumption that there would be unmistakable signs of a coming attack in time for NATO to carry out its preparatory deployments under the forward strategy. It argues that if the Soviet Union continues its currently rapid military buildup and if there is further erosion of West European defense strength, the Warsaw Pact might reasonably conclude that a surprise attack would achieve immediate success.

Why and Wherefore

Among Moscow's possible motives for a limited military operation westward, the report suggests: effecting the military cancellation of West Germany, which Moscow believes to be becoming predominant among NATO's European members; shattering the image of a free, prosperous society now providing an acute contrast to the totalitarian dreariness of the East European societies; diverting attention from Soviet economic and social problems; breaking NATO's back; and, for the longer run, "ensuring mastery of the Eurasian continent for the Soviet Union."

I suppose it is too much to hope that presidential candidates would ever talk about such matters as this report deals with. No doubt congressional candidates can explain how these are the problems of a distant continent and no concern of ours. □

TV AND THE OUTLAW INDUSTRY

*The Outlaw Myth, says the author, who has been there,
requires the Outlaw, the Lawyers, and the Media.
The Media get the money. The Lawyers get the fame.
And the Outlaw gets ten years to life*

How Our Paranoias Are Hyped for Fame and Profit

TIMOTHY LEARY

*"I pulled the gun on the President to
call attention to [Manson, etc.]."—
Lynette Fromme*

THE AVERAGE American watches television five hours a day. This is a neurological fact ominous in its implications. Would it take a year of full-time explanation and neural demonstration for us to understand how our brains have become addicted to electronic "junk," how television creates, manages, and schedules our reality, how tonight's crime show becomes next week's crime wave, how the images and illusions of politics are produced?

In order to package and arrange the flow of "news," our television civilization requires a continual supply of newsmakers—reality-actors who play parts in the daytime for prime-time shows that define our existence.

And who, besides the "mad programmer" of ABCBS, understands how news events are carefully calibrated to meet seasonal scheduling?

It is no accident, for example, that political carnivals usually occur as summer replacement shows. Urban riots, conventions, and political upheavals occur in the summer not because of the weather. Don't you dig? They are scheduled to charge up the boredom of summer programing. It's not the heat, it's the cupidity.

Many have wondered why the Watergate investigation was postponed until after the elections of 1972. To avoid prime-time competition. Got it? The Ervin hearings carried us nicely through the desert of summer 1973 and then the scandal cooked along on the back burners of the evening news until July-

August 1974, when the impeachment hearings again filled the programing vacuum.

"News" is the modern version of the gladiator combats of ancient Rome. American civilization apparently requires that its leaders—its political heroes—be publicly sacrificed.

An enormous industry, similar to the national projects of pyramid-building in Egypt, cathedral-building in medieval Europe, and prison-camp building in Stalinist Russia, has emerged in America—the production of political martyrs, fallen heroes, and "concept outlaws."

There is nothing new about the political martyr role. Martyrs are tradition-

ally produced and exploited by losers to symbolize their resentment against those on top. Dreyfus, Sacco-Vanzetti, the Scottsboro boys, Alger Hiss, Patrice Lumumba, Che Guevara are classic "loser-heroes," all apparently modeled after the guiding sacrifice myth of our epoch—the political assassination of Christ by a gang of Italians.

AMERICAN television culture has added an ancient twist to the familiar martyr role. The American people seem to demand the public immolation of their top officials. This mysterious process has been called "The Curse of the Oval Office" to remind us that, since 1900 (the beginning of American Empire), the psycho-history of the American Presidency reveals an ominous record of failure, breakdown, and death.

This ritual destruction of The Leader is a topic which deserves a more detailed analysis. The series of televised ordeals through which candidate-martyrs must pass to reach the sacrificial altar of the Oval Office is particularly awe-inspiring in an election year. In this modest essay, however, we shall consider the phenomenon of the "outlaw martyr," the enormous media industry that commercializes it, and the omnipotent lawyer caste which produces it.

The Outlaw Industry depends upon the cooperation of three groups:

1. The Symbolic Outlaws, who are the talent, the players.
2. The Defense and Prosecuting Lawyers, who are the producers.
3. The Media, who provide the artistic direction.

Like the movie and record business,



the Outlaw Industry needs a constant supply of new faces and groups.

The more leisurely print-cultures of the past required no more than one "Concept Criminal" a generation. Dreyfus. Scopes. Hiss. But now the voracious television appetite requires a new crop of outlaws each year. 1975, for example, gave us Joanne Little, Hurricane Carter, Patty, Squeaky, Sara Jane Moore, Emily and Bill Harris, not to mention a return of the irrepressible Berrigan Brothers and the reincarnation comeback of Eldridge Cleaver.

The rituals and performances of "Concept Criminals" are stereotyped and perfectly understood by both the players and the consuming public: 1) The symbolic crime, publicly committed. 2) The chase or surrender. 3) The arrest. 4) The Grand Jury hearings (optional). 5) The pretrial litigation. 6) The trial and verdict. And, usually, 7) The sale of media rights for memoirs.

The Symbolic Crime must be committed deliberately and publicly. The criminal, in violation of the customs of the professional crook, claims credit for the deed. The taboo-infracture cannot

show and realized in the hunt for the Weather Underground, the SLA, the Cleaver-Leary exiles.

The Arrest scene is the climax of the first act of the Outlaw Play. The obligatory AP photos and TV shots of the hero shackled, surrounded by grim-faced agents; a great moment of triumph for the police, the first and welcomed spiritual wound for the believers in the symbolized cause.

The Grand Jury scenes (optional) follow the classic New Testament script and offer the martyr's friends their chance to deny the heretic or to stand defiantly before the cameras and accept jail rather than betray him. This phase in the drama also allows for the entrance of informers, double agents, and Judas ambiguities.

The Pretrial Litigation brings onstage the defense lawyers, who circle the victim like quarreling vultures and fight for control of publicity, of the script, and of the defense-fund financing. The victim is also offered options of firing and hiring counsel, of demanding that he be allowed to defend himself, or of moving docilely side-stage to await the sacrificial moment.

be applied to compensating the injured and assuring that the conditions that produced the crime are altered. All parties involved are presumptively committed to a search for the truth.

The judicial process in the United States is, however, a bitter adversary enterprise. There is little pretense at establishing facts scientifically. The judicial climate is enthusiastically competitive. Sides are drawn. Strategies contrived. Secrets kept. Distractions and bluffs employed by clever lawyers.

LET US STATE the truth simply. Crime in America is a business that is run by (and for the profit of) those who create the law—i.e., the lawyers. The American government is a government of lawyers. There are more than 200,000 attorneys on government payrolls. All domestic opposition to the American government, all anti-social behavior, criminal and political, is master-minded and administered by lawyers. Criminals—from the ranks of organized crime to the street hoodlum—appear on the scene, make their play, and get dragged offstage—and the lawyers, profiting from the action, start booking the next show. At least half the profits from criminal activities in this country end up in the hands of lawyers. Crime litigation is a multi-billion-dollar business—most of it going to lawyers.

The old cliché must be updated: Crime does not pay for the three principals of every crime—the victim, the taxpayer, and the crook. Crime does pay, however, and handsomely, for the attorneys who produce the National Crime Show.

And nowhere is the exploitation of the public, the victims, and the criminal more obvious than in the Symbolic Outlaw business.

"This is a terrible thing. I guess the young people don't want to fight anymore."—William Kunstler, after *Underground Weatherwoman Jane Alpert* had surfaced and announced that she was giving up illegal revolutionary activities

When all is said and done the culminating goal of most radical activism in this country is The Trial. Surely no one with more than two fingers of forehead ever believed that an armed revolution was possible in America. In the last decade the sporadic violence expressed by the New Left was and still is sym-

News is the modern version of the gladiator combats of ancient Rome. American civilization apparently requires that its leaders—its political heroes—be publicly sacrificed

involve the normal motives—greed or passion. The offense must be a moral flouting of authority. The act can range from the sophomoric cutups of the Berrigans to bombing, hijacking, and outright assassination.

The aim is always to shock, to incite retaliation, to stir up public opinion. The crime (better described as sin) is directed against a sacred object—the flag, draft records, an authority figure or symbol. It must threaten sanctified security: airplane hijacking, Mansonite invasion of middle-class homes, Black Panther guns in the streets.

The Chase is, of course, the basic thrill—celebrated in every TV crime

The Trial and Verdict is the climax of the second act. From Pontius Pilate to Kunstler, Sirica, and Jaworski, the judgment scene is the central ceremony of terrestrial civilization. The prosecutors relentlessly present the vengeful case of the affronted state; the symbol-hero retaliates with his denunciation of Caesar and presents the alternative, heretical morality.

The verdict is usually determined by current moral market-place values. Blacks and nonviolent pacifists, at the moment, have strong guilt-credits upon which to draw, and are usually acquitted. Ruchell Magee—the black San Quentin convict whose picture was flashed around the world holding a gun to the head of a kidnapped judge—could not be convicted!

In a civilized society one expects that violations of social rules will be investigated fairly to determine the true facts and that compassionate intelligence will

Dr. Leary, who fled abroad some years back to escape a drug conviction, is now serving out his term in California. He was the original LSD prophet ("Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out").

bolic: "exemplary actions," to use the jargon of the Weather romantics. Everyone knows that militancy results not in the overthrow of the government but in the well-publicized court trial.

And behind the rhetoric and the headlines operate the Movement Lawyers, who encourage, incite, and aid the illegal actions that they later defend in court. Just as every Hollywood picture is "put together" by producers, who, although less well-known than actors and directors, are always in tight control of the enterprise and reap the lion's share of the profits, so the Outlaw Industry is managed by lawyers.

Let us recall that the prime-time Outlaw capers of the last decade are remembered by their indictment label and number. The Chicago Seven? What was their crime? Who were they? The New York 21? What did they do? Gainesville is the place of the trial, not of the heretical crimes. We recall the cases of Huey and Angela and Bobby Seale and Hurricane Carter but are vague about the specific acts they

enrment! The Symbolic Criminals themselves do not question the process.

The rewards for the producer-barister are not limited to the financial. Aphrodisiac fame beckons to the defender of the conceptual defendant. Are we not all media-trained to recognize the nattily dressed man who flanks the accused, his denunciations of injustice quoted in the morning paper? Applaud, please, this courageous fighter for the cause, flamboyantly risking a contempt-of-court citation.

The most successful of the Movement Lawyers is William Kunstler, who, you remember, stole the show in the Joanne Little trial with a swift media maneuver that merits textbook consideration. In one day Battling Bill flew to Raleigh, North Carolina, walked into the ongoing trial of a black woman, presented himself to the judge as a consultant counsel, was rejected by the court as unnecessary, received a contempt citation for his fiery denunciation, was sentenced to two hours' incarceration, held a press conference

"The News" is Spectacle, Manufactured Drama, Diversion from Boredom, the chance to live, vicariously, a richer life. The American media-consumer is judge/jury/parlor dictator—choosing at whim, with a flick of the dial, the winners and losers in the consumer competition.

TRANSGRESSORS—both mercenary and conceptual—play a key role in the religious rituals of an electronic media culture. Crooks commit crimes. Conceptual outlaws commit sins. The ceremony of hunting sinners, publicly trying them, and assigning retribution is the basic religious ceremony of domesticated primates.

Let us face it: the conceptual outlaws (Patty, Calley, Manson, Berrigan, Newton), although tried in criminal courts, are clearly media-heretics, taboo-violators, traitors to the national sensibility.

At an even deeper level, the Outlaw Industry plays an important role in the evolution of the species. Human evolution, we have learned recently, is the evolution of the Nervous System, the metamorphic growth in con-telligence (consciousness-intelligence) as new circuits of the brain emerge. The civilized primate possesses a four-brain system—biosurvival, motion-emotion, symbolic, and social. The key factor in neural evolution is communication. The more evolved the species, the faster, the more complex, and the more flexible the modes of communication.

Reality is defined for each species by the channels and methods of communication. A primitive tribe communicates by means of grunts, gestures, jungle drums, runners, smoke signals. More recent species of domesticated primates communicate in terms of printed pages, pictures, costumes, religious dramas, songs, and statues. The reality thus created preserved social morality and the social survival techniques that guided the pre-electronic species.

Today, reality is created mainly by television and movies. The media producers have become a priest-caste that guides, directs, and manages reality.

"Now's the time

*for
violent*

Revo . . . loooooo shun!"

From Street Fighting Man, millions of copies of which were listened to by young people in 1969-70. The singer, Mick Jagger, was at the time living in a luxurious villa in southern France.

M*artyrs must be produced on a monthly basis. Injustices must be discovered. Conceptual crimes are incited, encouraged, and directed by headline fiat*

were accused of. It is the memory of dissident courtroom postures and legal defenses that remains.

Which brings us to the box-office issue of the Outlaw Business: Defense Funds. Eldridge Cleaver, in 1976, muses that over a million dollars was raised for the Huey Newton trials. Where did the money go? The Ellsberg-Russo trial cost \$800,000. How? Why? Where did the money go?

The scenario is stereotyped. Four times I have found myself in the visiting rooms of jails shortly after the bust talking to the lawyers. The first item of business is the Defense Fund. Planning the benefits, the mailing list appeals, the fund-raising cocktail parties.

The routine defense of Defense Funds goes like this: The government has endless resources to hire prosecutors, investigators, experts, to pay for tests, transcripts, depositions, interviews. Should not the political martyr be entitled to the same army of professional bureaucrats? What injustice! Surely the outlaw should have as much money to spend on lawyers as the gov-

after release, and took the late afternoon flight back north. The network news that night featured the bold crusader raid. Bravo Bill! (Joanne Little spent the night, as usual, in her jail cell.) At the present time Kunstler is still flying around the country offering his services to symbolic criminals whose cases promise wire service appeal. (Joanne Little is now in the state prison serving a seven- to ten-year sentence.)

IN FAIRNESS to the attorneys it should be pointed out that their production monopoly on the Crime Business is not their central interest. Let us give credit where credit is due. Lawyers run the government, they run the corporations, and they run the labor unions.

So far we have discussed *how* the Outlaw Industry operates without asking the more basic question, *why*? Fame and fortune are, of course, the goals of the actors, producers, and directors. But why do the consumers buy the stereotyped act?

The first answer: entertainment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

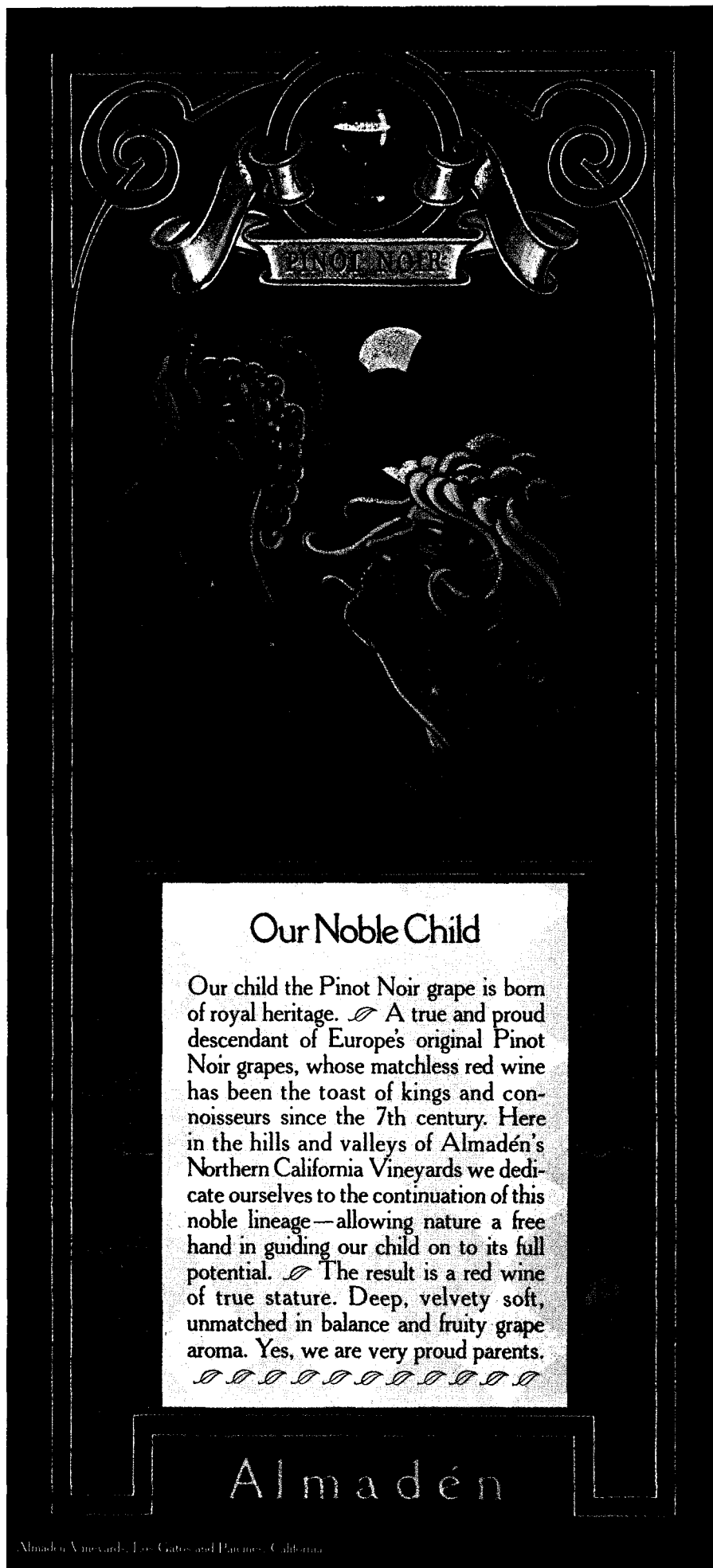
The Establishment press is a powerful tool in defining and defending the domesticated ethic. The news is "managed" in a cybernetic feedback loop in which the press tells the public exactly what it senses the public wants to be told so the public will buy the paper. Headlines, emphasis/de-emphasis, slants and plants, photos: all are part of the image-shaping, and define the actors who personify the morality drama. The game is fierce and merciless. While almost everything is tolerated if kept private, one public slip, one show of vulnerability and the image is fixed. SHOT: Muskie weeping in the snow of New Hampshire. SHOT: Wallace standing at the schoolroom door. FLASH: Teddy at the bridge.

"Public Image" is a collective neurological imprint which requires continual reinforcement. Just as the private citizen must be reminded every minute of his waking life that he is who he thinks he is—so public image must be maintained by means of repetition. One false move and the mask is badly, perhaps irreparably, damaged.

THE Underground Press operates in true magnetic polarity to the orthodox press. The Establishment morality is consistently opposed. Everything that the orthodox press defines as sinful is gleefully sanctified by the counterculture publications. Conspiracy theories thrive and blossom. There is no accusation against orthodox dogma that cannot be blithely leveled. Readers understand that "facts" are not the issue. The more implausible the charge, the more titillated the audience.

These remarks should not be interpreted simply as criticism of the counterculture press. It performs a valuable function. Monolithic state morality is designed to produce the efficient insect hive—with all individuality and mutant differences suppressed. But absolute conformity in a social group has a negative genetic effect; it tends to preclude adaptability and flexibility. The blind counterreaction of the underground press is to that extent a healthy phenomenon. The underground press is vitally dependent on the Outlaw Industry for its spiritual and economic survival. Martyrs must be produced on a monthly basis. Injustices must be discovered. Conceptual crimes are incited, encouraged, and directed by headline fiat. The communiqués from each terrorist cult are breathlessly transmitted,

(Continues on page 389)



PINOT NOIR

Our Noble Child

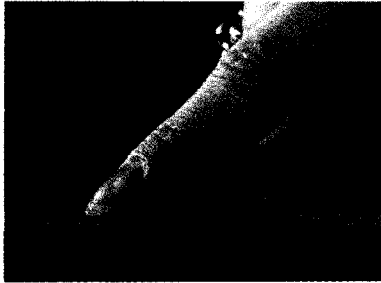
Our child the Pinot Noir grape is born of royal heritage. A true and proud descendant of Europe's original Pinot Noir grapes, whose matchless red wine has been the toast of kings and connoisseurs since the 7th century. Here in the hills and valleys of Almadén's Northern California Vineyards we dedicate ourselves to the continuation of this noble lineage—allowing nature a free hand in guiding our child on to its full potential. The result is a red wine of true stature. Deep, velvety soft, unmatched in balance and fruity grape aroma. Yes, we are very proud parents.

Almadén

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Pacific, California

Introducing Quiet Zone® II from Armstrong. Step on it and it feels like carpet; spill on it and you know it's vinyl.

Made to "give" for comfort, this quiet resilient flooring is also made to give you all the maintenance advantages of vinyl.



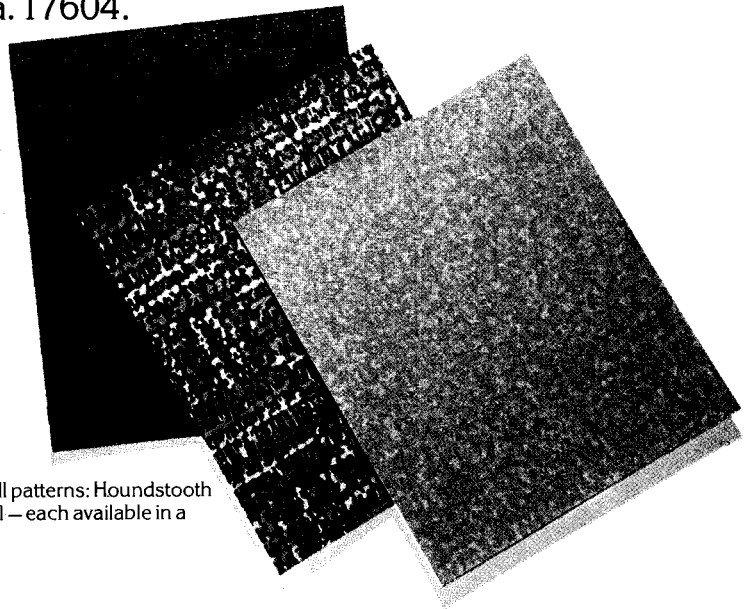
It takes more than just another floor covering to meet the needs of today's busy offices — to simultaneously resist the impact and quiet the noise of countless shoes. It takes a resilient floor covering with the special character of Quiet Zone II. A mighty tough customer with one of the softest hearts in the business.

In Quiet Zone II, an ingenious combination of materials provides a unique combination of benefits for tenants and custodians alike: the built-in comfort that cushions all-day walking and standing, the special composition that helps muffle underfoot noise, the long life and minimum maintenance that are synonymous with vinyl.

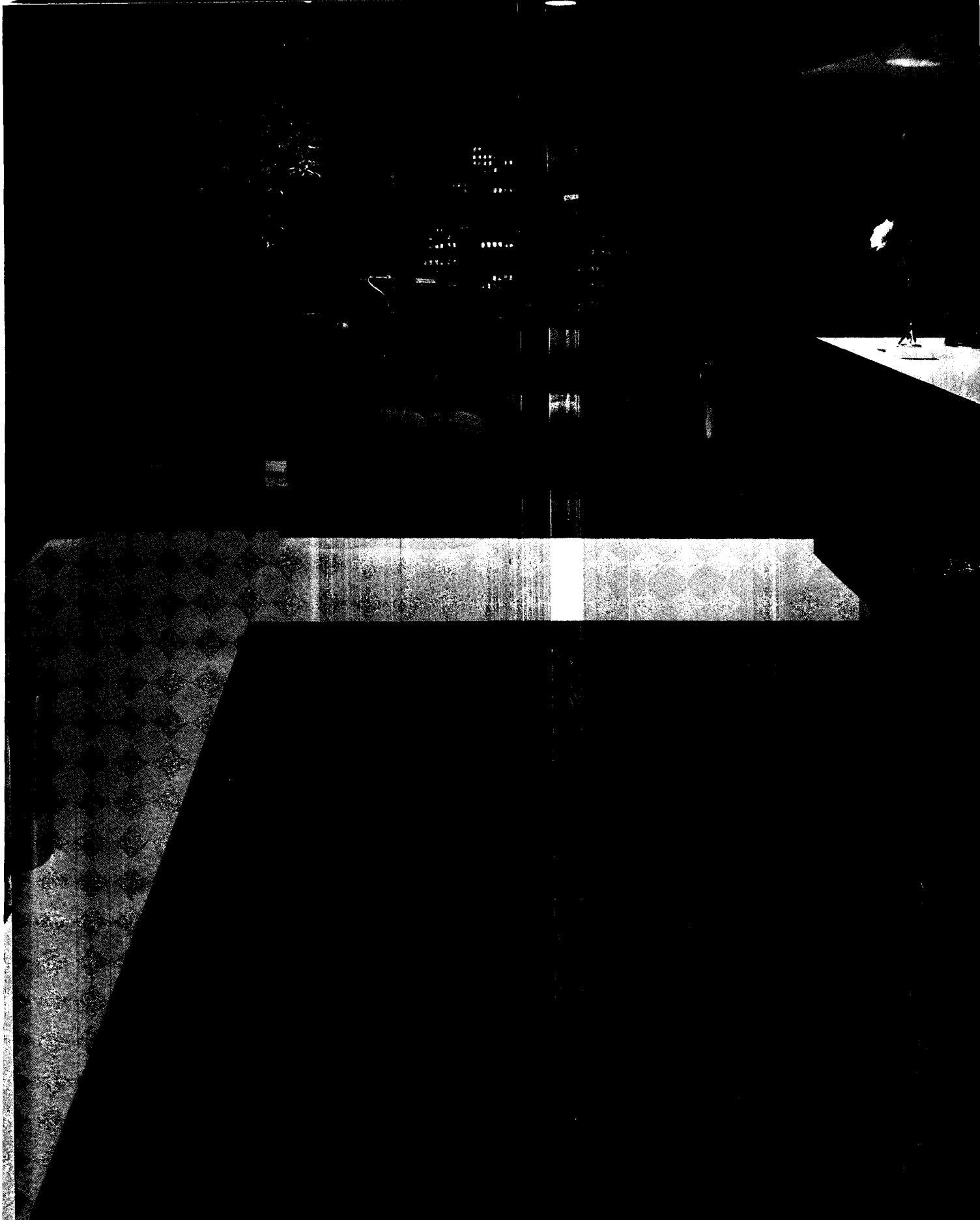
How's it done? We start with a tough, virtually nonporous layer of vinyl that stands up brave and strong to heavy traffic. And then we back it up with a layer of foam vinyl one-eighth-inch thick that provides a nice cushion with each step you take.

The fact is, Quiet Zone II has a lot going for it. Because it's vinyl, it resists staining. Because it's vinyl, spills can't soak in. Because it's vinyl, keeping it clean is a relatively simple matter. What's more, it's as easy to work on as it is to walk on. Most wheeled equipment — copy machines, typewriter tables, mail carts — rolls smoothly across its surface. Available in rolls six feet wide and up to 75 feet long that eliminate a lot of seams, Quiet Zone II comes in a number of richly textured patterns and attractive colors that help disguise the everyday dirt and traffic marks any flooring material has to live with.

Once you take a walk on Quiet Zone II, once you experience its special underfoot feel for yourself and see how remarkably easy it is to care for, we think you'll agree that nothing else comes close in terms of comfort and practicality. For more information, write Armstrong, 302 Hunter Rd., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.



Shown left to right are the three Quiet Zone II patterns: Houndstooth Check, Random Texture, and Grand Central — each available in a range of colors to complement your decor.



FROM THE  INDOOR WORLD® OF
Armstrong

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It took 75 years to put these pieces together.



Now some politicians want to take them apart.

There are people who want to dismember America's integrated oil companies—those companies that do the whole job from exploration through marketing.

Today, more than 50 integrated oil companies compete for your business. Hundreds of firms compete in various phases of the industry—exploration, production, refining, transportation, and marketing.

What would happen if the oil companies were taken apart?

Ironically, prices would go up, not down. A so-called breakup would destroy the efficient integrated system

and create a need for a new layer of costly and unnecessary "middlemen." Additionally, the chaos created by such a breakup would make it tougher for the industry to attract the capital it needs. Millions of Americans in oil and oil-related industries could lose their job security. Technical advances would be slowed down. Money needed to search for new supplies would dry up.

The result? *Less domestic oil would be available*, increasing our dependence on foreign oil. America could be weakened. You, the consumer,

would be less certain of getting the oil—the automotive gasoline and home-heating fuel and other products you need—when you need it, *while paying more for what you get.*

Before it's decided to take apart the oil companies—let's find out just who would benefit. We firmly believe it wouldn't be you.



We're working to keep your trust.

pronunciamentos and anarchic threats rushed into print, conceptual crimes passionately applauded.

The Pop-Music Contribution to the Outlaw Business cannot be overestimated. Successful pop stars are skillful market researchers, anticipating trends, probing the consciousness of the young, performing for their constituencies the same function as the Establishment media—saying what their public wants to hear. With shameless sincerity they croon the messages of the moment, accurately reflecting the up-to-date counterculture-adolescent fad: drugs, long hair, peace, revolution, Woodstock, laid-back, ecology. A more elegant, ancient, and cynical thread of Sin-for-Profit is expressed by Mick Jagger—singing “Sympathy for the Devil,” “Sister Morphine,” “Brown Sugar.” Gullible groupies gape as their bisexual Satanic Majesties boogy down to Altamont to get their fair share of abuse—a certain decadent grandeur glowing around their Cadillac perversions.

The most blatantly banal exploiter of the Outlaw trade is John Lennon, who in 1971 reaped still another fortune from a self-indulgent album in which he admitted that he didn't believe in any of the dozen causes that he had previously profited from singing about. In his admitted compulsion to say and do anything to hit the top charts, Lennon, in one year, managed to rip off the slogans of a gubernatorial candidate (“Come Together”), the militant blacks (“Power to the People, Right On”), and the peace movement (“Give Peace a Chance”). He then banked the proceeds and hired a pla-

toon of who? . . . lawyers . . . to convince the Republican Administration that he should be allowed to stay in the American tax haven because he was “harmless.”

More successful in skimming the energies of the Outlaw Assembly Line, and much more malevolent, is Robert Zimmerman, who first conned his way onto the media stage by taking the name of a Welsh lyric poet and chanting plastic protest songs to a barbiturate beat.

with his elegy for George Jackson. Once again hatred is turned against the Establishment. The record is a sensation. Zimmerman fans weep in gratitude that the bard has come back to fight injustice. Enormous air-play! The single rockets to the top! Dylan is again the Messiah! There is only one little flaw in the operation: there is one person who is not around to share the royalties and the applause. The slain martyr. George Jackson is dead. But no matter, there's a new seeding of discontent, a

Everything that the orthodox press defines as sinful is gleefully sanctified by the counterculture publications. Conspiracy theories thrive and blossom. There is no accusation against orthodox dogma that cannot be blithely leveled

“Something is happening, but you don't know what it is, do you Mr. Jones?” sang Dylan-Zimmerman in the Sixties, and the uneducated, naive nervous system of Squeaky Fromme was inundated by the authoritative voice warning “A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall.” Sneering hatred and contempt, amplified and broadcast electronically, create hateful realities for millions of adolescent listeners.

Once stardom is achieved, the snarling rebel retires as a millionaire and adopts a scornful posture toward those unfortunate enough to have opened their nervous systems to the imprint of his cosmic snivel.

Then, in 1972, smarting from the accusation that he had copped out, Dylan electrifies the counterculture

new victim to sanctify, a new generation of gullible youth thus encouraged to nihilist sacrifice and stupid rebellion. And a new wave of popularity for the clever kid who in one album made more money imitating Guthrie than Woody ever saw in his life. It's the great Outlaw Exploitation Game, folks, more fun and easier than Texas oil-drilling. Just wait until the next martyr is discovered and watch it gush. Who's next? Here comes Hurricane Carter and another cheap shot at the charts.

SURE, Hurricane Carter deserves our sympathy. So do thousands of other prisoners who bought the Zimmerman line of cynical, snarling hatred and stuck needles in arms or quit working on Maggie's farm or robbed Mr. Jones's bank where Dylan happens to keep his money. Perhaps Hurricane should be free, but not at the expense of having another generation of black kids learn from Dylan's new inflammatory rip-off that it's not safe for a black man to walk the streets.

Meanwhile Squeaky Fromme stands in a Sacramento courtroom and, for believing exactly what Zimmerman told her in the Sixties (“You don't know what's happening, Judge McGrath . . . a hard retribution is gonna fall on the polluters”), is led off to life imprisonment because she was unlucky enough to have owned a record player in her vulnerable adolescence.

The profound neurological mischievousness of the Zimmerman Effect is not understood because of its invisible pervasiveness. *Electroids*, primates robotized by electronic brain programming,



are, of course, unaware that they inhabit a reality that has been selectively imposed on them.

The post-Hiroshima generation was the first completely *electroid* generation. At exactly the time when this enormous genetic wave opened to receive a post-Einsteinian reality, SHAZAM! . . . 4,000 years of Old Testament pessimism popped up in the person of the Electronic Pad-Trip Evangelist.

The one song "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" probably caused more biological and philosophical suicides than any poem in Western history. This is a tribute, not to the dismal poet, but to electronic amplification.

Give a close reading, if you can, to the Zimmerman lyrics of the 1960s—snarling, whining, scorning, mocking. "Just like a Woman." "No, No, No, It Ain't Me, Babe." "Subterranean Homesick Blues." "It's All Right, Ma, I'm Only Bleeding."

The classic techniques of brainwashing are unconsciously employed in these albums. First, the dogmatic command, "Everybody Must Get Stoned," encourages a chemically induced state of neural receptivity. Note the semantics: *stoned*. Don't get high; don't space out; don't trip (with its multireality flexible implication); don't get blissed out. You "must get stoned," sung to a heavy, slow, plodding beat. And accompanied by the other nihilist hits that systematically converted a generation to neurotic complaint.

Read, if you dare, the lyrics to "Like a Rolling Stone" and cringe at the de-

liberate trampling on hope and self-confidence. Barbiturate Barbarism. "How Does It Feel?" It feels like that Old Testament Masochism Bob.

The evil of the Zimmerman Effect is not just that it imprints destructive, nasty realities on young brains, but that it produces a fake alienation from direct experience. The Zimmerman Effect alienates because the media manipulator broadcasts about other people's experience, *not his own*. To an anonymous audience. Did Dylan stand on picket

ham, Golda Meir, Allen Ginsberg, Joan Baez, and a supporting brigade of mother figures.

Looking back at that wretched reality we see that Dylan truly never understood that it ain't no good to let other people get your kicks for you.

Academic Zimmerman groupies will protest that it is not the function of the minstrel to storm the walls of Troy or beat against the wind on the *Argo*, but rather to pass on, in verse, the myth of the era.

It's the great Outlaw Exploitation Game, folks, more fun and easier than Texas oil-drilling. Just wait until the next martyr is discovered and watch it gush. Who's next?

lines? Get his head busted by company police? March at Selma in the hard rain? Get tear-gassed at Chicago? Sleep in the mud at Woodstock (just down the road from his comfy retreat)? Lie on a roach-ridden mattress in a state prison? Put his body on the line in any real action? Live the fugitive life? Go into exile? Or put his nervous system on the line in neuronaut exploration? Yes, we know what he was against. But what was he for? (Besides fake nostalgia.) When an entire generation was on the move, swirling into uncharted neurogenetic territory, where was the young millionaire waif? Protected, dear boy, in the arms of producer Al Grossman, promoter Bill Gra-

But there are two factors that make the Zimmerman Effect a perversion of the ancient and honorable bardic role:

1. Zimmerman portrays not the glory and the heroic pride of an evolving species, but the dark, craven themes of the loser cult.

2. The true minstrel sings in person; wanders around in face-to-face contact with those he is influencing. He is forced into eyeball confrontations with Mr. Jones and Maggie's Father and everyone watches to see if he's for real or if he's all talk. It just ain't no good to let the agents, record producers, and tax lawyers take your kicks for you. You gotta get down and look into the eyes of the Squeaky Frommes you are urging into rebellion.

It's no accident that the Weathermen, the most publicized group of Dylan groupies, that bewildered, fugitive band of terrorists now cut off from their culture and condemned to underground existence, took their name from a depressing Dylan song. One thing is certain as the Uncivil War of the Sixties fades into ancient history: we surely *don't* need a Weatherman to know which way the wind blows, and we've all been blown light-years away beyond the rhetoric of violent revolution, haven't we, Bernardine?

We can now speak frankly about the Zimmerman Effect because it is waning. We can now view with compassion, not only the passive, but the active casualties of Electroid Brainwash. Zimmerman, like Manson, was the original victim of the Effect, which occurs when

(Continues on page 410)



Endings and Beginnings in Illinois

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THE RESULTS from Illinois mark the turning point of Jimmy Carter's candidacy. He has carried a major Northern industrial state by a margin far exceeding predictions, and the commentators call his delegate total "phenomenal." He has established beyond all doubt that his appeal is broad-based, cutting across traditional divisions of age, race, sex, and ideology. He has proven himself a first-rate political strategist by out-foxing Mayor Richard Daley, the wiliest old fox of all. In Illinois, he made believers out of many persistent doubters. And now, for the first time, serious analysts are beginning to talk about a first-ballot nomination.

The questions are still there, and the people whose job it is to explain such things to the voters are still unhappy with the answers. He'll reorganize the Federal Government, Carter tells them. How, they ask? How should he know, he replies, until he gets to Washington? And so it goes, down the line.

Carter makes them nervous. They are, after all, like many of the Democrats who oppose him, part of the Establishment, and the Establishment has predictable and stylized answers to predictable and stylized questions. The Establishment has elevated certain problems to the status of issues, and it expects those issues to be talked about in certain accepted terms. But Carter just refuses to cooperate. Not long ago the conventional wisdom had it that Carter, if he were to become a serious candidate, would eventually have to bend to the prevailing ideologies, would have to make concessions to the Establishment and begin to address its perceived issues in its approved terms. But now it seems just possible that he

may simply continue to roll along, forcing the Establishment to bend to him.

His handling of Mayor Daley is instructive. Although Carter was expected to win the beauty contest, the predictions were that he would pick up only a handful of delegates. There was, after all, a full slate pledged to Adlai Stevenson III, Daley's hand-picked favorite-son candidate, in the delegate race. Certainly, Stevenson's name combined with Daley's political clout would guarantee a poor delegate-showing for Carter.

Daley's primary objective was to ensure the defeat of the incumbent governor, Dan Walker, which he accomplished handily. But he also wanted those Stevenson delegates, all of whom were pledged to vote for him as leader of the Illinois delegation to the Democratic Convention—a convention which may well be his last, and at which he would enjoy the respect denied him in 1972.

It could have been an intense fight. But Carter, in his typically unspecific and apparently personal way, left Daley with the strong impression that Carter would order the delegates he did win to vote for Daley as delegation head. Later, when asked by reporters if he had in fact promised his delegates to Daley, he seemed, again typically, to hedge. But by then the shooting match was over and Carter had his delegates, something that wouldn't have happened had Daley not been sufficiently disarmed to forgo a stiff fight.



Thus, he outmaneuvered Daley, yet softened the blow so that Daley, although beaten, appears to have won what he most wanted. And if Carter delivers, as it seems likely he will, despite the characteristic hedging (apparently he just doesn't want to say that he promised), then Daley will remember him at the Convention. His heart may be with Humphrey or Jackson. But as one commentator put it, what have they done for him lately?

Carter will no doubt continue to make them uncomfortable. "When you talk to Udall or Jackson, you know where you are," says one veteran newsmen. "But Carter's like Gatsby. I don't know where he comes from."

Complicating the Carter phenomenon, he continues, is Carter's intense religiosity, what the newsmen calls "the whole God bit. . . . It's culturally significant and provides him with a way of measuring things that people in Washington and New York aren't familiar with. And unlike any other candidate he's talking about value systems. He even has one."

Carter's emphasis on ideals and values has obviously touched a most responsive chord among voters, many of whom are weary to the bone of politicians whose lives and actions bear no relationship to their rhetoric. And his handling of Mayor Daley has the political pros reassessing their initial skepticism. Intense idealism combined with practical political savvy is a tough combination in a rudderless country. And especially tough when you claim that God is in your corner.

IF ILLINOIS marked the beginning of Carter's drive toward a first-ballot nomination, it very nearly spelled the end for two candidates, George Wallace and Ronald Reagan.

The health factor has obviously contributed to Wallace's inability to hold his constituency. But perhaps even more significant is the disappearance of the enemy. True, the pointy-headed bureaucrats are still there. But it now seems, like it or not, that people who aren't directly affected by bureaucratic antics just can't work up much feeling against bureaucrats. And those college professors who can't even park their bicycles straight are also still with us. But these days their campuses are quiet, no longer staging areas for Mus-

(Continues on page 410)

Mr. Coyne's first book, *The Kumquat Statement, dealt with New Left disturbances on the Berkeley campus during the late Sixties.*

THERE ARE TWO main topics of conversation here: the surprisingly warm winter, and the surprisingly warm response given to Joe Clark at the recent Tory leadership convention. The 36-year-old redhead from tiny High River with only four years' experience in Parliament has taken over from Robert Stanfield as leader of the opposition and, polls suggest, is getting ready to take over from Pierre Trudeau as Prime Minister.

Since OPEC raised the oil price, Alberta has been resentful that its political power in Canada has not been commensurate with its economic power as Canada's biggest oil and gas producer. Although Alberta has voted monolithically Tory in recent years—both federally and provincially—it has not had the same muscle in party affairs as Ontario, led by Premier William Davis, or as the Maritimes, represented in Parliament by Stanfield.

Alberta had hoped that it would produce Stanfield's successor, but the decision of Premier Peter Lougheed to stay in provincial politics rather than run for Parliament meant that the slim hopes of the West rode on two underdogs who look as if they stepped out of a Fifties Western: maverick right-wing rancher Jack Horner, who looks like John Wayne, and Clark, who looks like a young Jimmy Stewart. They joined the cast of 12 seeking to replace Stanfield, who had led the party to three election defeats.

Alberta Tories tend to be right-wingers, so most identified with Horner. Clark calls himself a middle-of-the-road Conservative, but he was denounced by some Albertans as a "pinko." His victory has been hailed in the media as evidence that the Tories will not become a conservative alternative to the Liberals but will remain philosophically identical, as in the Stanfield era. That is a misreading of the situation.

The convention—the most open in Canadian history—was largely a small "c" conservative affair. Most candidates brushed aside the party's official name—Progressive Conservative—and called themselves "Conservatives," or "Tories."

In policy sessions and speeches, even the more liberal candidates called for less government spending, less welfare, less bureaucracy, and less centralization

LETTER FROM ALBERTA

Exit Stanfield, Enter Clark

DONALD COXE

of power in Ottawa. The only call for more federal spending was for defense. The most liberal of all challengers, Flora Macdonald, who has flirted with the professional anti-Americans over the years, responded to the mood by demanding up-to-date equipment for Canada's NATO contingent.

Clark had campaigned on this theme. He told of a trip he had taken to survey Canada's NATO bases. During drinks one evening with a European military official, Clark asked how Europe saw Canada's commitment to NATO. His host paused, then said, "We rate it just above Luxembourg."

"How much does Luxembourg contribute?"

"About one thousand men, of whom four hundred are in the band."

The attacks on Trudeau in the candidates' speeches were primarily philosophical. He was called "the socialist in Ottawa" and "our man from Havana." Each candidate wanted more private initiative, less government interference, and sound fiscal policies.

Clark's victory surprised the oddsmakers who figured the winner would come from the East—Claude Wagner, Brian Mulroney, or Flora Macdonald. Why did the party pick a man from the Alberta foothills who was twenty years younger than Trudeau rather than an experienced competitor from the heavily populated areas the Tories must carry to win?

From talks with delegates and party insiders, it appears that Clark won because he was an excellent campaigner who stressed fiscal responsibility and decentralization of power while portraying himself as standing "squarely in the middle of the party" at a time when the divisions between the party's Left and Right are as deep as ever. He preached party unity, convincing many delegates that his brand of bilingualism could hold together the French and English sectors of the party, and perhaps win the Tories a desperately needed foothold in Quebec.

He was also lucky. The pre-conven-

tion favorite, Brian Mulroney, spent too much money and was vague about its sources. The leader on the first three ballots, Claude Wagner, lost the final two-man vote because he had tried to hide details of a \$300,000 trust fund. Even after the Mulroney camp leaked the details of the fund, Wagner refused to tell all. Although it appears that the transaction was completely legitimate, many delegates felt that in the post-Watergate era, no party could win with a leader who lacked candor about financial matters. Flora Macdonald lost because she was the reddest "Red Tory."

ASSUMING THAT Clark responds to the conservative majority within his caucus and within the party at large, he is likely to topple Trudeau in the next election. Not only has Trudeau disillusioned the electorate by imposing an even more stringent wage and price control program than the one proposed by Stanfield and rejected by the voters in 1974, but his musings on the death of the free market have divided his own party. His loyalty to friends now has him in trouble, because he refuses to dismiss from the cabinet one minister convicted of contempt of court, and another who tried to tamper with the court proceedings in the same case.

In the past, whenever Trudeau got himself into trouble, the Tories bailed him out by moving to his left. Clark is unlikely to make that strategic error. Much can happen before an election is called but Clark's chances look good.

In the meantime, Canada can count on Clark as an effective leader of the opposition. He is a tough, smart debater who will, as one Liberal told me, "keep the government on its toes."

The new leader symbolizes a westward swing in the power balance within Canada, and that is good news. The East has been the source of the urban-oriented liberalism that has put Canada into a financial and moral mess. A fresh, clean wind blows from across the Rockies. It may reach Ottawa. □

Mr. Coxe is a lawyer and investment counselor from Toronto.

AT STAKE IN RHODESIA

A Program for Peace

JOHN HUTCHINSON

THE TIME grows short for Rhodesia. Communism is on the march in southern Africa. The Cuban and Soviet triumph in Angola has all but destroyed American credibility on the continent, and the Communists' colonial army is moving to Mozambique. The British Foreign Office, incredibly, has announced its pleasure at Mozambique's closing of the border and intent to impose a blockade of war. An already isolated South Africa faces a border war with Angola—possibly against East German troops—and can scarcely want another on the Zambesi. Rhodesia is next on the new imperialists' list, a preface to the long march on Pretoria and the making of a Soviet Darker Continent.

The United States has an interest in Rhodesia. That interest lies in calling a halt to Soviet imperialism in Africa in the one country where British and Western European support could be gained for a valid internal agreement between the races; in upholding the norms of traditional international law by protecting a small state seeking self-determination; in helping to build a stable, nonracial free society in Rhodesia that could serve as a standard for a rampantly hypocritical continent; in stabilizing southern Africa, which controls ports and sea lanes and natural resources needed for American security; and in embracing Rhodesia in a venture in subcontinental economic development that would do more for racial justice and general welfare than all the strictures and intrusions of a most imperfect outside world.

The problem within Rhodesia is the struggle of its African people for equality in law and consideration, and the determination of its indigenous white rulers to protect their lives and to maintain the continuity of a repre-

sentative government and a prosperous economy.

What should be done? Prime Minister Ian Smith and President Joshua Nkomo of the African National Council evidently reached an impasse in their constitutional negotiations; but even if they had emerged from their chambers in happy unison, or even if the British returned and shepherded in an early settlement, there are other conditions necessary for a free and stable Rhodesia.

The Rhodesian whites will not support any agreement that does not offer them protection against the anti-constitutional black majoritarianism of post-colonial Africa. The British will not ratify any agreement which does not have majority African support, at least within Rhodesia. And not even the most perfect agreement will survive Soviet imperialism. In the long run, only the United States and the NATO powers can maintain the peace in Africa.

The Six Principles

Rhodesia is in British law a rebel colony. In international regard it is a pariah without rights, fair game for hypocrites and predators. The British government must ratify a Rhodesian constitutional agreement before legal independence can be granted. A sovereign Rhodesia can be fully protected, a maverick Rhodesia cannot.

Britain has promulgated six principles to guide its consideration of any Rhodesian agreement. They provide for: unimpeded progress to majority rule; guarantees against retrogressive amendments to a new constitution; immediate improvements in the political status of the African population; progress toward ending racial discrimination; the acceptability of the agreement to the Rhodesian people as a whole; and the protection of the African majority and the European minority from each other.

The Sixth Principle is the heart of the matter: to guard against the abro-

gation of the constitution for the foreseeable future. It is not a cheering task; the constitutional history of decolonized Africa is an almost unbroken sequence of broken pledges. The problem is to devise a constitutional guarantee of preterconstitutional impact. The Sixth Principle is Harold Wilson's contribution to the Rhodesian list; it is the most logical principle to make, the hardest to meet, and the most vital of all. There is no prospect for freedom in Rhodesia without it.

The distinctive feature of Rhodesian life in this respect is the older European settler's view of himself as essentially indigenous and permanent, not—as in former British colonies to the north—as colonial and temporary. A precondition of a just and stable settlement in Rhodesia is a realistic guarantee of full and inalienable citizenship for the whites.

The stumbling block is majority rule. It is the catch-phrase of African liberation. Africa is a continent of autocracies, either ethnic or party or personal, often benevolent but sometimes malign, and in one or two cases barbaric. In every state there is a shortage of civil liberties, of due process and open debate; indeed, there is probably more public dissent in Rhodesia than in any other African country. No African country can fairly call itself a free society. One man, one vote has no more significance in most of Africa than in Bulgaria. So understood, it has a low appeal to white Rhodesians.

Their own elitism is in irreversible transition, but perhaps their apprehensions can be reduced. The great white misgiving is about black dictatorship, not black constitutionalism; about personal misrule and the public mob, not the parliamentary majority. Many black Rhodesian leaders in turn, including some now in saber-rattling exile, have declared themselves unenthusiastic about universal suffrage, regarding it perhaps as empty and dangerous in a largely illiterate society, perhaps as superfluous in a parliamentary system with corollary forms of African representation.

What might well be acceptable to an effective majority of black and white citizens in Rhodesia is the idea of a qualified franchise leading with deliberate speed to a black *parliamentary* majority. If that majority—indeed the entire parliamentary and judicial system before and after parity is achieved in

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parliament—is then subject to working constitutional restraints, the white majority might not find the slogan of majority rule so harsh to the ear.

There is at least a formal willingness to curb the autocrat. White interest is obvious, and virtually all the black leaders within Rhodesia profess a concern to preserve the constitutional rights and domestic contribution of the whites. Nkomo in particular has been at pains to assure the white community of his desire to guarantee its security and full citizenship. "I will negotiate any reasonable constitutional arrangements about that," he told me last October in Salisbury. "The guarantees must be as firm and reliable as the minds of reasonable men can make them."

A Constitutional Guard

There will be no constitutional settlement of any durability unless some unprecedented step is taken to protect the Rhodesian constitution from arbitrary abrogation. Even if the British return in sovereignty and force to Rhodesia—and that might soon be the only means of recruiting American and NATO support sufficient to deter the Cubans and the Russians from invading across the Mozambique border—their stay would be temporary. They would have to bless a constitutional device that they expected to survive their departure.

The device would have to be unprecedented, since there are no continental precedents worth adopting. It would have to be circumscribed itself, but strong enough to make a difference in the constitutional balance of power. It would have to be physical, since the principal danger is physical. It would have to be designed to protect all races in Rhodesia, although the confrontation is between black and white. The preservation of political freedom in Rhodesia might depend upon a biracial counterpoise of force.

Why not a Constitutional Guard? Augustus ruled Rome with the Praetorians, but they were a large elite in a loose empire, drilled to dominate. Rhodesia is a compact country of two fearful races. The job is to curb their excesses by limited but adequate means that will contribute to their mutual trust.

The Rhodesian guard might be composed of equal but separate detachments of black and white troops sta-

tioned together in vital centers, each under its own immediate command. The guard's functions would be to secure the parliamentary and judicial institutions and processes. Its biracial composition should militate against abuses of its own. It would not be large enough to challenge a presumably integrated army, but should be strong enough to give great pause to insurrectionists. It would offend the integrationists, but might ensure an integrated society. At its best it would bar ethnic usurpation. At its worst it would mock a fine document, thus following the continental example. It would raise a legion of fears, but fears of nothing worse than the tyranny it was meant to deter. There may be nothing to lose, and a constitution to preserve, by its probationary adoption.

Ratification requires judgment of a special and decisive quality. The Fifth Principle requires that an agreement be acceptable to the Rhodesian people as a whole.

The precedents are unhelpful. In no case of British decolonization was the principle of ethnic succession in dispute; in every case there was a fundamental break with the constitutional past, a new source of sovereignty. In every case there was a nationalist movement or alliance available to receive relinquished power; in no case was a poll or referendum thought necessary by the vacating authority. In all cases the consent of the people was taken as a given.

Rhodesia is a different matter. The Europeans do not concede sovereignty to the Africans, and most internal African leaders do not claim it on ethnic grounds. The goal is not racial domination but the creation of a nonracial free society.

The first requirement is the consent of both major ethnic groups; constitutional nonracialism demands a racial commitment. The Fifth Principle cannot be effected by ethnic swamping, or by a poll or referendum among the population at large. It needs the separate consent of the African and European communities.

But polls and referenda are shifting constitutional foundations. A transitory vote might destroy a workable agreement; it might also endorse a constitutional joke. The risk is tolerable under old and tried constitutions. In Rhodesia it is a matter of national life or death.

In 1972 the British government sent

out a commission under Lord Pearce to test public opinion on a constitutional agreement reached between Prime Minister Smith and British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home. The Commission conducted its inquiry with care and in good conscience; but it was in essence a polling by foreigners among a largely illiterate and highly combustible population concerning an extremely complicated constitutional document. The Europeans' overwhelming and stable endorsement of Smith's recommendations was not in doubt. Initial hopes were high for an African endorsement as well, but the Pearce Commission learned in interviews that the Africans were opposed. What in fact this opposition most likely amounted to was a genuine mistrust of white government rather than the reliable rejection of a complex document by informed representatives. The verdict was in large part the product of strong exhortation and swift rumor, the fact or threat of violence, and even a desire to please or take advantage of the pollster. A strong African voice could have reversed it overnight.

Beware Referenda

Perhaps one can only dissent from the curbside poll and warn against a referendum. The former would be an intrusion of good intent, possibly as unwelcome to African as to European leaders as a reflection on their felt representativeness, perhaps as likely to stimulate dissent as to discover it. The latter might be embarrassing for Common Market Britain to disavow, but under present Rhodesian circumstances—with the African nationalist movement divided enough for violence—it could become a bloody contest in the *bundu* and in the streets for a mercurial numerical majority, a well-intentioned preface to civil war.

It might be wise to look instead for institutional commitments, for organizational stability underlying the more prominent declarations of support. At the end of the 1974 negotiations between Prime Minister Smith and Bishop Abel Muzorewa of the African National Council, it was evident that had the Smith-Muzorewa agreement of May 7 been accepted by the African National Council, it would have been quickly endorsed by almost every African and European organization of national consequence in Rhodesia. Such a

battery of commitments might give far greater promise of constitutional stability than a poll or referendum in the dark.

Why not rely on the spokesmen next time? No doubt testimony ancillary to theirs will be weighed, but they can point to colonial precedent for the primacy of their voices; they are elective; and the policies and attitudes and constituencies they represent have some claim to decisive respect.

Self-Determination

There appears to be some residual British sentiment for a poll or referendum of sorts, but there is a plainer anxiety for an equally honorable but more assuring alternative.

The waiting is over. The clear and present danger in Rhodesia is a Communist invasion. The urgent question is whether anyone will help the Rhodesians toward self-determination and security.

A free hand for Cuba and the Soviet

It is here that the United States could help. Nothing is plainer in Rhodesia than the desire on both sides for American protection in their efforts toward agreement. Nothing has been so evident as American inertia. Nothing seems more likely, in the twilight of Kissinger's authority, than his future lament for a conquered continent. The United States should make it plain, first of all, that it favors not invasion, not capitulation, not disintegration, not civil war, not racial supremacy, not Marxist conquest, but self-determination by peaceful means. Our government has said so before, but so softly that it went unheard by anxious men and ready conquerors.

The United States should then offer its services to Britain and Rhodesia in any peaceful fashion that they might find acceptable. Those services could involve mediation, or constitutional consultation, or discussions on international cooperation in the regional economic development of southern Africa, in which Rhodesia could play

world and thus help to build both political and economic confidence within that country. It might even stop a war.

It seems such a small thing to ask. The American interest in Rhodesia is the interest it has in avoiding war and encouraging racial harmony in free societies and in protecting its own economic and strategic interests against the most dedicated and powerful of all imperialisms; yet even so late in the day it murmurs the banal and does nothing of substance. A possibly decisive contribution to a Rhodesian settlement could be set in train during a slack hour some wet afternoon at Foggy Bottom. It would involve no risk of hostilities, no contribution of arms, no affront to international law, no dereliction of duty, and very little ingenuity.

The Deadly Price

It may, of course, not work. It is very late in the day in Rhodesia. Recrimination is useless. Smith and Nkomo might simply not be able to agree in time to summon the support to stop the invaders. If that seems likely, or if the Cubans strike, a fateful but necessary step should be taken.

Her Majesty's Government should then return in force and sovereignty to Rhodesia. They should, preferably, be invited by Smith and Nkomo. They should declare the inviolability of British territory, administer the Six Principles, invoke the aid of their NATO allies, call a halt to the recolonization of Africa, and usher Rhodesia into treated independence.

The United States should declare its common cause with the United Kingdom in the matter of Rhodesia. If it so chooses, it might help to create the one nonracial free society in all of Africa. If it does not, Rhodesia might soon recede into the darkness, and the United States will share, in an odor of Munich, the guilt for extended tyranny and for the dead of future wars.

The Rhodesians, black and white, will be called upon to pay a deadly price; but the knock will soon be heard on other doors.

Inkosi ababusisi ibagcine ibate uku-thula.

Mwari ngaavakomboreye agovachengeta agovopa runyararo.

The Lord bless them and keep them, and give them peace. □



Union in Mozambique will open the way to a Communist Africa. A South African military defense of Rhodesia might in the end be necessary for her own survival; but it will bring down on her the pious and armored wrath of much of the world and start a major conflagration; the Limpopo might seem more logical to defend than the Zambezi. Henry Kissinger has warned the Cubans against adventurism in Rhodesia, but his threats did not deter them in Angola. For all we know, Castro could advance on Salisbury with total impunity.

The preferred precondition for effective action in Rhodesia is of course an early and ratifiable agreement between Smith and Nkomo. Perhaps the greatest danger of all is that they will destroy by obduracy the country they wish to preserve.

so bountiful a part. They might not be needed or wanted, but they should be seen to be available.

The United States should also declare to the Rhodesian people that an honorable agreement reached in Rhodesia and ratified by the British would be supported by the United States in the UN and throughout the international community.

That statement has *not* yet been made. It should be made now. It would be welcomed by both the Rhodesian government and the African National Council. It would encourage agreement as would nothing else. It would test the professed belief of the UN General Assembly and the Organization of African Unity in democratic self-determination. It would hasten the resumption of diplomatic and economic relations between Rhodesia and the rest of the

Home Owners' Deduction. If you own your home you may opt to take

Mr. Varnado teaches English at the University of South Alabama.

TAX TIME

Foiling the IRS

S. L. VARNADO

this deduction (or you may just want to sell the place and go to the Riviera for a few years). On the same lot where your present home stands, build an exact replica of it, including peeling wallpaper, dents in the ceiling, slippery throw rugs, and all the strange sounds that your dishwasher and refrigerator make. You must make a written declaration to your IRS agent that your original home is your *Domicile in Toto* (you must use the Latin) and that the new house is your *Domicile Comme-*



Ci, Comme-Ça (they let you slip in a little French). You may now continue to live in your original home, but you must spend *one normal working day* a year in the new home, under the constant observation of an IRS agent. In the course of this day, you must: 1) carry on one heated argument with your wife; 2) indulge in one free-for-all with your kids; 3) get into a boundary dispute with a neighbor; 4) watch the evening news while muttering obscenities under your breath at Walter Cronkite, Dan Rather, John Chancellor, and Howard K. Smith (to fulfill the Equal Time Doctrine). If you omit any of these steps, the IRS agent has the right to impound your wife, your home, or both, which he may then use for stag parties or put up for public auction.

Declaring Your Wife a Corporation. You may, under certain circumstances, file for the privilege of declaring your wife a corporation. This maneuver is

costly, complicated, but may be rewarding if your wife shows any corporate tendencies. The procedure is as follows: 1) Talk the matter over with your wife and decide whether you think she looks enough like a corporation to fool people. 2) Obtain a legal divorce from your wife, and remain separated for five years. (During this time you will be busy with the paper work anyway.) 3) At the end of five years, if you are still in the country, turn your assets over to your wife—

and hire a detective to watch her. 4) You now have to think up a name for your corporation. The name of your corporation can be humorous, serious, or both. This part is fun. Suggested names: Big Mama Enterprises; Ball and Chain, Inc.; General Mothers, and so on. Your wife may now appoint you as president of the corporation and may pay you a token salary, which is probably more than you get at present. You may also appoint your children as directors of the corporation, but this can get sticky, especially if the kids insist on chewing bubble gum during board meetings. (I know one example of this maneuver in which the children issued watered stock, cleaned out the business, and skipped the country.) Your wife is now a corporation, and you may now legally remarry her (if she agrees) or live with her in sin. You also have the privilege of issuing stock on her, addressing her as "Gentlemen" on company stationery, and itemizing her as a deduction. □

IRS Welfarism

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES we have in defending the free-market way of doing things is that our opposition, the interventionists, can always point to the obvious advantages of their proposals—advantages that are all the more yummy because they seem to cost so little. Perhaps the most exasperating example of this delusion is the perennial conceit of the Internal Revenue Service, which brags yearly about its efficient collection of taxes. *The Annual Report 1974 of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue*—a 114-page book describing the IRS's operations—starts bragging on page one of the Introduction: "This report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue describes how the Internal Revenue Service went about collecting nearly \$270 billion in 1974 and spent \$1.3 billion doing it. Both of these figures are of significance to you. The first represents the total amount of your tax money that was collected to support government programs and services, and the second is the cost of collection."

Now that bit of effrontery would be obvious balderdash if we heard it from the mouth of a slave owner who compared the revenue from his cotton sales to the cost of salaries paid to field hands. He gets his labor cheap (excluding hidden costs).

Well, the IRS gets *its* labor cheap, too. Every taxpayer in the country has to perform work, in the effort to collect data and file tax returns, and that work is nothing the IRS should lightly ignore. It is a mountainous burden of paperwork and accounting, all of which is performed "voluntarily" and goes unpaid. Sixty million or seventy million citizens are performing such labor for the IRS, and it's peculiarly embittering to hear the IRS boast, year after year, about its low-cost collection system.

The 1974 report of the Commissioner mentions that the IRS printed and

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

sent out 35 million sets of tax forms with 32 pages each, 11 million 44-page sets, eight million 52-page sets, three million 60-page sets, 22 million 16-page sets, two million 48-page sets, two million 40-page sets, and five million 60-page sets. Assuming the material can be read at 16 pages an hour, that's 189 million man-hours of *reading* alone, before a single figure has been accounted for.

Consider the man-hours required to fill out the forms: 22 million 1040A forms at two hours each, 61 million 1040 forms at eight hours each, two million fiduciary returns at eight hours each, one million partnership returns at eight hours each, two million corporation returns at 16 hours each, two million 1120 forms at eight hours each, 25 million employment returns at two hours each, .5 million estate and gift tax returns at eight hours each, 1.5 million exempt returns at eight hours each, one million excise tax returns at four hours each. That's another 674 million man-hours, none of which the IRS has to pay for *or account for*.

Consider the man-hours required to keep records in the first place and then to retrieve them to fill out the forms. I have no doubt that over a period of one year twice as much time is spent in recording and preserving tax information as in manipulating the information on the tax returns. That would be another 1.348 billion man-hours.

Consider the cost of preparing the "information" returns that report the payment of wages, interest, or dividends. Employers, banks, and dividend-paying companies had to carry the burden of filing 400 million separate returns with the IRS last year. Could each return be prepared in one hour? That's another 400 million man-hours, not one of which is considered by the IRS as a cost of collection.

There must be a cost of carrying the documents back and forth. The IRS mailed out 100 million documents and received about 600 million. If each document occupies the Post Office for only one-seventh of an hour, that's still another 100 million man-hours devoted to shunting the IRS paperwork about the country—man-hours the IRS excludes from its statistics.

There is a cost of making payment

itself: writing the check, logging it in, sending it in for collection, running it through the clearing house, getting it back to the bank of draft, tabulating it at the home bank, collating it in the monthly statement, accounting for it when you balance your checkbook. If only one hour is required for all these various steps, and if there are 50 million taxpayers who pay quarterly, then another 200 million man-hours are spent simply shuffling the checks around. The IRS takes it all for granted. And yet *someone* has to pay for the services rendered! The bank will charge 10 cents per check. It doesn't charge the IRS.

ADD UP the man-hours the IRS ignores, and you get 2.911 billion man-hours. These are not greenhorns doing the work at the minimum wage, either. They're earning \$5 an hour or maybe more. Call it \$7 an hour for the average person who is working on IRS paperwork. That would mirror the IRS itself: it has 79,000 employees and a payroll of \$1.3 billion, for an average wage of \$16,000 per tax-gatherer. If we all are worth \$7 an hour in the free market, those 2.911 billion man-hours will cost \$20.3 billion—quite a far cry from the \$1.3 billion the IRS claims as the cost of collecting the taxes. No doubt we should include the quarter-million "tax practitioners" at \$25,000 a year for another \$6 billion. The cost of collection is now \$26.3 billion.

On page 108 of the report of the Commissioner I note that \$495 million were spent on "audit of tax returns." Earlier—page 19—we see that these people audited 1.5 million returns. The IRS salary per audit is therefore \$330. If it takes that much human effort to audit a return, it must take at least that much to prepare it. There were 122 million returns filed last year. At \$330 each, the cost of preparation was therefore more like \$40.3 billion. □

William F. Rickenbacker, editor of the Rickenbacker Report, recently signed a contract with David McKay for William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide, to be published next spring.

Darkness in Darke County

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO is weighing, as you read these lines, the case of *Ohio v. Whisner*, appealed from the Court of Appeals of Darke County, Ohio. True freedom of religion in these United States will have suffered a serious blow if the Ohio Supreme Court should find against the defendant-appellants, who are a Dunkard minister-schoolmaster and several Christian parents.

In substance, Ohio's State Board of Education is trying to shut down a good little Christian school which does not fully comply with the demand of the Board of Education that it be submissive to the state in all things. Because the Reverend L. W. Whisner, of Tabernacle Christian School, Bradford, Ohio, does not want to abolish his own school, he, his wife, and 11 parents of children enrolled in Tabernacle Christian were sentenced by the Darke County Court of Common Pleas for the criminal offense of "failure to send children to school" (which, in this case, means that they sent their children to Tabernacle Christian, not to a "public" school). The Common Pleas judge was sustained last June by the Court of Appeals.

Flight from Omnipotence

This attack by the Ohio public school establishment upon Tabernacle Christian appears to be only one of several attempts by the powers that be to crush the evangelical Christian schools that have been springing up abundantly in Ohio, as in other states, since the public schools have been forbidden to teach the Bible, to discuss Christian doctrine, to offer up prayers, or even to recite aloud passages from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution referring to the Divine. Ohio's State Board of Education resents such flight from its omnipotence; the teachers' unions would also like to force the Christian schools out of existence, since it is difficult for the affiliates of the National Education Association to dominate church-related schools.

My secret agents are everywhere, and one such in Ohio reports to me frequently on this campaign against

Christian schools. Here are extracts from a recent communiqué:

"The religious wars in Ohio have heated up. The state made the mistake of moving against a small Baptist school in a Columbus suburb, asking the court to place the children involved in foster homes. Unlike the Darke County Dunkards, there are a lot of Baptists in Ohio, and the result was a deluge of letters and a planned mass rally at the Statehouse the day before the case went to court, December 8. The state abandoned the case.

"The rally went off anyway, and the media estimated that five thousand people were there, though eight thousand were claimed by the sponsors. Governor Rhodes addressed the crowd, for which he was taken to task by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Three weeks later, the *Plain Dealer* still was receiving letters about the editorial, pro Rhodes. Soon after, Governor Rhodes called for a cutback in state aid to schools and denounced the National Education Association.

"Also, in the middle of December, an appeals court in Canton overturned a lower court ruling against yet another Christian school. The appeals court said that the state hadn't adequately proved that the school was not attempting to meet the state standards, and even suggested that those standards are not absolute.

"I add that the Columbus rally was sponsored by only one of the two associations of Christian schools in the state—it being the smaller and more fundamentalist of the two."

What with all this Ohio fuss, Ohio's Supreme Court acted promptly to receive an appeal from the Darke County decisions against Tabernacle Christian. The Reverend L. W. Whisner and his codefendants have for their man of law the formidable Mr. William B. Ball, who in 1972 persuaded the Supreme Court of the United States, unanimously, in the case of *Wisconsin v. Yoder*, to free Amish children from compulsory attendance at "public" schools.

Is Tabernacle Christian a school of inferior performance? Clearly not: the SAT (Stanford Achievement Test) scores of most Tabernacle Christian

pupils show that they make twice as much progress in one year as the average public school makes; and not one pupil is below average national standards, as tested by SAT.

So what are the charges of Ohio's State Board of Education against this tiny, non-denominational Christian school? Why, that Mr. Whisner, the school's principal, would not promise to comply in full, without reservation, with a vast state manual called *Minimum Standards for Ohio Elementary Schools, Revised* (1970). The "standards" specified in this dreary tome are complex and so vaguely expressed that a pledge of conformity to them would be a promise to obey the State Board of Education in everything—would be, in effect, a promise to subject a Christian school to the total jurisdiction of a secular state agency.

In his appeal from the Darke County judicial darkness, Mr. Ball shows that the survival of schools like Tabernacle Christian is at issue here. He argues that the defendants' religious liberty is violated by the Darke County decisions, that no compelling state interest justifies this violation of their liberty, and that repeated decisions in federal courts have guaranteed the substantial independence of church-related schools.

The Good Fight

If they are not given redress at Columbus, presumably Whisner et al. will have to carry their plea for survival to the federal courts. They are people of small means. Contributions to their "Save the Children Fund" can be sent to Tabernacle Christian School, Route 1, Bradford, Ohio 45308. They are fighting the good fight for all of us who believe that there is no good schooling that is divorced from religious schooling—indeed, for all of us who believe in freedom of conscience and in the primacy of the family. It's a mad world, my masters, in which teachers and parents can be sentenced to fines and imprisonment because they seek religious and ethical instruction for their children. Even Communist Yugoslavia, say, is more tolerant of Christian schools than is Darke County, Ohio. □

Arts & Manners

FILM

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

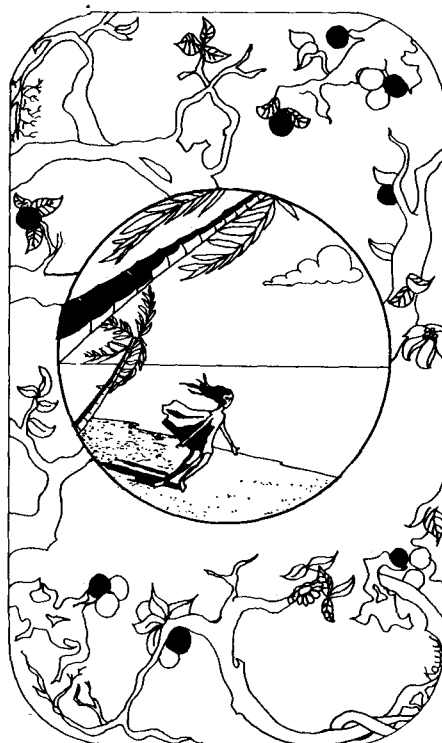
Stunning Emptiness

The possibility of reconstructing the past has reached out and grabbed the imagination of two of today's most attended-to film directors: François Truffaut and Stanley Kubrick. The former's *Story of Adèle H.* is based on the diary kept by the daughter of Victor Hugo, which revealed her obsessive pursuit of a man who had ceased to love her. The latter's *Barry Lyndon* owes its origin to William Makepeace Thackeray's early picaresque novel, whose Irish hero makes and loses a fortune. Truffaut's source is fact, Kubrick's fiction, but both have led to works of quite stunning visual beauty and, in very different ways, of equally stunning emptiness.

Truffaut, the more sophisticated of the two craftsmen, has been betrayed by a failure of material rather than any want of technical finesse. Despite his skills, he still has not been able to involve the viewer in what ultimately impresses as little more than a case history.

We follow Adèle from the end of her 1863 transoceanic journey to Halifax, Nova Scotia, in search of an English lieutenant who was formerly her lover and is now garrisoned abroad, to her wanderings in Barbados, where she stalks her unwilling love object in such a state of dazed hysteria that she can

no longer recognize him when he confronts her in the street. In between we observe the progressively destructive power of her mania—madly scribbling in her journal, writing lies to her father, concealing her identity from everyone she meets, trying to bribe the lieutenant to reciprocate her feelings, spying on him, disguising herself to accost him, beseeching a charlatan to hypnotize him into marrying her, worshipping a photograph of the man on a home-made altar, sending a prostitute as a gift to his rooms. There is no moment away from her obsession. There is no world outside it, no human being who in any way touches her. Indeed, the lieutenant himself does not exist for her as a man. He is portrayed as fundamentally unworthy, but his moral stature is of no importance. He could be anybody. What matters is Adèle's adoration. That, and not the person at whom it is directed, is the treasure.



The narrative runs its course, and its witnesses remain detached. A pitiful tale, yes, and a hopeless one. *Adèle H.* stands as a study in isolation, and as Truffaut presents it, it steadfastly refuses to be anything but distant from us. The passion is passionately itemized, but its substance is austere, hermetic, peculiarly cold.

What remains in the mind is not a fascination with Adèle as a character—she lacks the dimensions to intrigue—but a series of compelling images: her wraithlike figure as she wanders mumbling through the Halifax streets, the red of her dress against the snow or against the dark paneling of a wall, that dress falling into tatters, and later the same dark red as a very symbol of dislocation, alien in the sunstruck tropical setting of her complete breakdown. The final view of Adèle jaggedly, aimlessly traversing the alleys of Barbados, her eyes fixed, her hair whipped wild, the wind like so many biting furies attacking her skirt and cape, is indeed unforgettable.

WHILE it may be concluded that Truffaut was cunningly exact in the stylistic treatment of his subject, Kubrick can be credited with no such calculation. *Barry Lyndon* is an infinitely lavish movie, but its richness serves very little purpose. Kubrick has taken a tale that needed speed, wit, and energy in the retelling and bogged it down with stately, deadly gorgeousness. Scene after scene is incontestably a knockout: the lowering skies of an Irish countryside, the silken folds of a great lady's gown, light streaming through a chapel window, a candle-lit (and really and truly lit only by candle, one is given to understand) interior. But all these ocular treats have been pushed so conscientiously to the foreground that the three-and-one-half-hour film ends up being merely a display of John Alcott's lens wizardry abetted by what must have been a lot of money spent on location filming, costumes, and set design. If these are the things Kubrick wanted to make a movie about, he has done very well. He certainly could not have cared to make a movie about period authenticity, for his background music is woefully anachronistic: an aria from Paisiello's *Barber of Seville* (1782) sung during a scene clearly shown to take place during the Seven Years' War, which ended in 1763; and elsewhere,

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for heightening effect, the introduction of a Schubert piano trio that, of course, does not even belong to the same century.

Perhaps *Barry Lyndon* should not be judged by conventional standards. Perhaps this is only Kubrick's new way of going out on a limb—a Seventies “trip” into eighteenth century vistas as much as *2001* was a Sixties “trip” into a vision of the future. One might accept this intellectually, but still his material cries out for a different directorial sensibility. It isn't a question of being faithful to Thackeray's novel; it's a question of responding to the natural rhythms of a scenario in which an Irish adventurer (Ryan O'Neal) makes his way across the battlefields and gaming tables of Europe to become the consort of a glacially exquisite English peeress (Marisa Berenson). Spies, duels, court intrigues, brothels, drink, maiming, death all figure in this story that covers at least two decades and takes the hero from country bumpkin to ambitious parvenu to ruined shell.

AND KUBRICK completely ignores its possibilities. Not a single scene is excitingly written or played for dramatic potential. Worse, no actor is given a chance to establish more than a façade of characterization. A few of the cleverer troupers in the cast—for example, Murray Melvin as the serpentine family tutor, Reverend Runt (watch the calculated angle of his relaxed hands, the dilation of a nostril)—manage to survive, but where help was most needed—in the interpretation of the protagonist—none apparently was forthcoming. O'Neal's television-actory mannerisms, undisciplined voice, and totally modern, well-fed, soft-contoured American looks and bearing made him an unlikely candidate for Barry to begin with; then Kubrick compounded his casting error by cruelly allowing O'Neal to flounder, thereby considerably adding to the audience's ennui. (Marisa Berenson comes off less disastrously. She says almost nothing and stares well.)

This abdication of a director's usual duties in favor of assembling panoramas into which even the extra players are set like inanimate period figurines follows, one has to assume, some deeper intention. But what that intention is is a subject for guesswork. For the filmgoer who has no clues other than what he sees and hears, *Barry Lyndon* impresses as a curious, overripe, unresonant puzzle. □

RALLYING

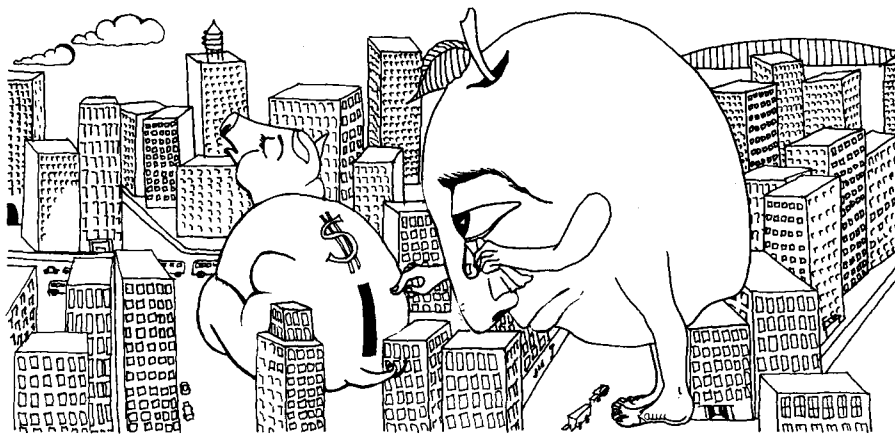
HERBERT W. STUPP

Rah, Rah, New York

When is a relatively unimpressive lunchtime crowd really a mass outpouring of sentiment for a federal bailout of New York City? When the interpretation is made in the Newspeak of those exhorting the crowd to blame the bad guys in Washington.

It was billed as a rally to “save” New York, and it was organized by the office of Mayor Abraham Beame. It attracted, depending on whom you spoke to, between 5,000 and 15,000 people. New Year's Eve has attracted as many as 250,000 to the same Times Square location, and in more adverse weather. Mayor Beame blamed the cold for the sparser-than-expected crowd, but I wasn't quite uncomfortable in a suit jacket.

Cab Calloway warmed up the throng with a droned-out version of “East Side, West Side,” while left-wing protestors provided competition with monotone chants. The contingent of malcontents was quite conspicuous and it prompted the appliance store owner at 43rd and Broadway to roll down the metal screen in front of his showcase windows.



The radicals were not so numerous as peripatetic in their proselytizing. Several simple-faced young men held an anti-Ford banner near the speakers' stand. A policeman pointed at them and commented, “Look at that. Ain't it disgustin'? There's twenty of 'em here, but they'll get half the coverage.”

Standing near extroverted cops is the best place to be at public events in New York. At one intersection that was packed with lunchtime strollers and rally-goers, a black policeman offered crime-fighting tips to woman passersby.

“Hold your purse up close, like this, ma'am. People out there ready to take your money. Don't make me go to work, now.”

The rally was staged for political purposes (to pry open the federal faucet for the City), but radicals and conscripted union members aside, most of the onlookers had stopped to hear the stage, movie, and other personalities on hand.

THE Big Apple multitudes booed the good mayor, and when Senator Jacob Javits stepped up, an audible “Give 'im the hook!” met with crowd approval.

Woody Allen was by far the class of the program. Wearing an Army coat and a floppy hat and speaking from the safety of an elevated platform, he proclaimed to Times Square: “This is the first time I've been in this neighborhood and not been afraid.” Heaping still more praise on the City, Woody said that “New York has some of the most beautiful women in the world . . . and certainly the easiest.”

The gathering endured a tardy Leonard Bernstein, an off-key Madeline Kahn, and an obscene Dustin Hoffman. Yet most of the announced celebrity participants, like Candice Bergen, Helen Hayes, Zero Mostel, and Maureen Stapleton, failed to show.

Ironically, the same “hard-core”

movie houses the Beame administration avowedly seeks to inhibit provided free PR for the rally. One marquee read “New York Is United,” but the showcase windows advertised “Anita, Swedish Nymphet.” A case of common enemies, I suppose.

The whole thing was a shame. New York needed to be united and it needed to be saved. It still does. But this rally was at once vitriolic and histrionic, a sophomoric pep rally without the pom-poms. Some of the men actually responsible for our de facto default were

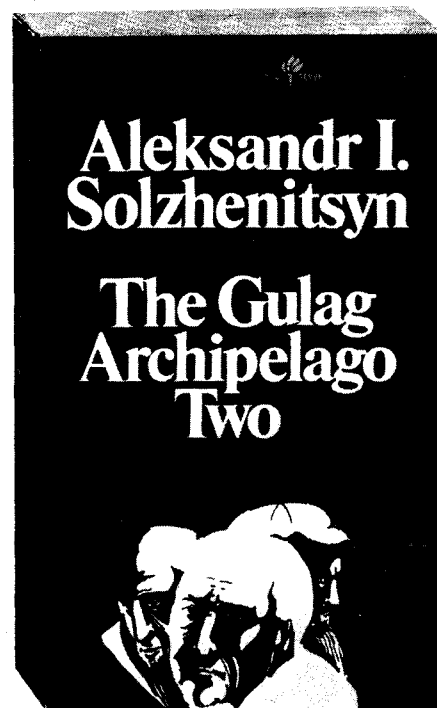
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And what a book it is! Even *Time* says that this one "may well be Solzhenitsyn's most stunning achievement to date"! It's an anti-Communist bombshell filled with incredible (but true) details about life in the slave camps in which—according to one estimate—more than 50 million people

have perished in conditions that would defy description *except* by one of the world's greatest writers (speaking from first-hand experience!).

Indeed, it's so fantastic you'll have to remind yourself at times that this *is* all true, and not a work of fiction. And it's so powerfully written you almost feel you are right there, seeing with your own eyes this unbelievable hell-on-earth the Soviets have created. *The Gulag Archipelago II* (fully indexed and containing a valuable glossary of Russian names and institutions) is one of those rare books that belong on the bookshelf of every concerned American. You can get *your* free copy by just filling in the handy card facing this page and sending it to us right now. Don't miss this opportunity!



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up there, railing against straw men, never once providing more than six-month "solutions" to the still-burgeoning crisis.

Heading back to the office, I overhear two teenagers lamenting the unexpected absence of Knick star Walt Frazier: "I'll bet he didn't even know about the rally." That Walt Frazier. Some guys have all the luck. □

SUCCESS

SUSAN S. McDONALD

The Claims Game

There's a lot to be learned about a culture from studying the games it plays and the rules it sets for winning. Take game shows, for instance. In the giddy potlatches of American TV entertainment, shrieking contestants (usually selected from the studio lineup for their pantomimes of acquisitiveness) compete for dinette sets, Roman holidays, or hatchbacks—all the while clapping and dancing a commercial tarantella for the cameras. Even the passed-over spectators clamor, having been themselves possessed and de-individualized by the same dybbuk, the same happy avarice.

It's no accident that few of these programs require their contestants to do anything more challenging or meritorious than play tic-tac-toe, name that tune, or read homilies out of hieroglyphs. There is sport in seeing people get something for nothing—or for very little, at any rate. Americans love to watch contests of athletic skill, but judging by the game-show proliferation, they seem to take another kind of vicarious pleasure in viewing people who wager nothing (but hope or hysteria) for something; who are gratified instantly and arbitrarily by the same sort of benevolent magic that elevated Cinderella from chargin' girl to pumpkin princess. Merit or excellence is usually quite beside the point. Randomness is egalitarian. To view or assist this sort of prodigious giving soothes and satisfies those who feel cheated by the workings of a more traditional remunerative system, or those who feel that even that system, with its reassuringly familiar bias in favor of personal enterprise and seniority, is breaking down under affirmative action and capricious economics.

It's not only on television that such impulses prevail, however. Those with a certain skepticism about the kind of sorcery and legerdemain lawyers practice might argue that something like the great giveaway of gamey American TV is being staged in our civil courtrooms, where private citizens who feel wronged, or simply under-capitalized, are jumping up and down on the scales of justice like game-show contestants, and ringing up judgments with increasingly big bills attached. Civil litigation is ostensibly an instrument of social justice, not a medium of popular entertainment. But like game shows, it runs on raw pecuniary motivations (civilized to a muted, respectful decorum by civil procedures) and provides some of the same arbitrary gratification to its plaintiffs and its spectator-jurors. What is different about the two rituals is that in court, the studio audience not only roots for the contestants; it sets the prize money as well. That this money is drawn from grudging competitors—not eager sponsors—laces the claims game with a certain titillating atavism sorely lacking in glad-spirited game shows.

It's not only that the actual number of suits has been rising. The range has spread from the arcane (neurosurgery) to the ridiculous (hairstyling). And the dollar-value of awards seems to have more than kept pace with inflation, swelling beyond meaningful measure of the injuries suffered. On occasion, juries have even attempted to reward plaintiffs merely for bringing suit, even though charges of negligence could not be substantiated. (The consolation prize: no one goes away empty-handed.) Judges are there to host the show and oversee madcap juries, but they have not been able to modulate the petulance and anti-professionalism of citizens eager to preside over the transfer of wealth from the "rich" sponsors of the system to its legal contestants. Jurors seem happy to reward litigation for its own acquisitive sake, merits aside, as if to let us know that the claims game is no more quixotic and arbitrary than a system in which some people are Mercedes-mounted professionals while others ride smaller lawnmowers and cheaper cars.

How did civil suit become the juridical analogue of game shows—a kind of ad hoc redistribution of wealth, steered and motivated by an implicit bias in favor of have-nots and have-

lesses? I suppose that at bottom is always the enduring pleasure of winning a buck by pointing a finger. The impulse to impute and condemn (as deeply imprinted in our personal sensibilities as in our legal institutions) has become particularly strong in recent months, under pressure of economic frustration, political disillusionment, and a diffuse resentment of professional authority.

With the percolation of consumerism into the judicial process, armies of energized citizens have discovered that by flexing their right to sue—a gratuity of the system, like the right of free speech and free TV—they can vilify or bankrupt the most vaunted professional. They may even, with the mere threat of litigation, discourage the collection of bills they'd as soon not pay. *Homo litigiosus*, the suer, is American man cashing in on long-suppressed hostilities. (Physicians seem particularly subject to that sort of antipathy. The traditional reverence for their life-and-death control, independence, and training has mutated into something bitter and perverse—an impulse verging on medical syndicalism, where patients, not their doctors, run the shop.)

FOLLOWING suit are the jurors, spurred by the same social dynamics and dizzy at the prospect of conferring instant wealth and triumph upon one claimant at the expense of another. That's a special sort of power, and while it may not corrupt fairy godmothers or even game-show producers, it breeds irresponsibility and a venal sort of arrogance in American jurors—who make consistently higher awards than judges. Perhaps the fact that they may be brokering (with total immunity) transactions involving sums larger than many of them will see in a lifetime makes the outcome seem strangely unreal and the sums as ersatz or inconsequential as Monopoly money.

In an age when so few institutions can bear up under public scrutiny, it is annoying or worse to see the notion of winning rather than earning/deserving leak out of the TV game studio and into the civil courtroom. So long as juries collude in this opportunism as enthusiastically as a studio audience, awarding suer-surrogates cash prizes they would themselves love to land, we might just as well perform our litigation like *Let's Make a Deal*, and allow the scales of justice to fall from everybody's eyes. □

BOOKS

Crime and Punishment

ROBERT H. BORK

Crime and punishment are high on the list of subjects that are difficult to discuss sensibly, probably because so many people regard one's stand on them as proof positive of one's commitment to a vast range of social and political attitudes. There persists a feeling, partially founded in reality, that crime and its control through punishment are the concerns of conservatives—very often this means ethnic and blue-collar groups—while rehabilitation, compassion, and “social justice” interest liberals and the enlightened segments of the middle class. It must be the only virtue of the rise in crime and its spread to the suburbs that it has begun to erode this foolish polarization and to make punishment as a means of crime control a topic to be discussed without excessive heat.

Ernest van den Haag's contribution to the discussion is informed, intelligent, and moderate in tone. There is not an apocalyptic sentence in his book, not even an acrimonious one; and that, considering much of the literature he has undertaken to rebut, must be considered an epic in the annals of self-restraint. Indeed, one of the horrors of the book, for those only passingly familiar with the field, is the asininity of so many of the quotations van den Haag has culled—not from the rhetorical flights of radicals or movement leaders but from the writings of scholars expecting to be taken seriously. Probably they are so taken by their students. At any rate, van den Haag is an excellent antidote.

HIS BOOK is not a polemic but an effort to unpack and evaluate concepts of the morality and the uses of punishments. His intellectual rigor dispels confusions of language and thought on so many topics that embarrass contemporary discussion that a mere review cannot possibly convey an adequate notion of the book's scope. It may be

best to stay with one of the themes he develops.

The major controversy lies between those who would punish to deter crime and those who would not. Punishment has been perceived as the primary means of crime control throughout history, but the challenge to it is now widespread. Those who object to it advance arguments empirical, clinical, and moral: punishment does not, in fact, deter; the criminal is sick and should, therefore, be treated rather than punished; the fault is that of society

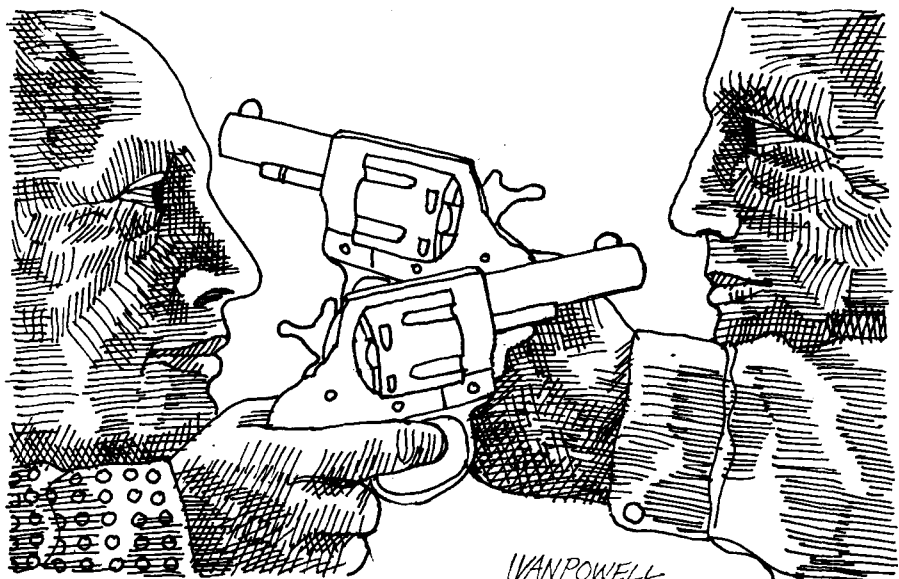
Punishing Criminals

By Ernest van den Haag

Basic, 283 pp., \$11.50

rather than of the criminal, and hence social reform is the only just response to criminality. These are claims of very different orders, and van den Haag addresses each of them.

THE ASSERTION that punishment does not deter runs contrary to the common sense of the community and is, perhaps for that reason, a tenet fiercely held by a number of social scientists. The deterrence argument, they say, “is simply a derived rationalization of revenge . . . belied by both history and logic”; “We know it is a fantasy that punishment deters others.” To this claim van den Haag's response is measured. He concludes that, in general, punishment *does* deter, but also that “deterrence is no panacea.” Deterrent effect may vary according to types of crimes, and the effective response may not always be harsher penalties but higher arrest or conviction rates. As he says, amazingly little has been done to find out whether or not this is true. He is quite willing to concede, moreover, that other fac-



Robert H. Bork is Solicitor General of the United States. . . . Charles Nicol teaches English at Indiana State University.

RANDOM NOTES

■ Mr. Podhoretz! Mr. Podhoretz! Now James Baldwin says that "White people have no principles whatever" in *The Devil Finds Work: An Essay* (Dial, \$6.95). . . . Ivan Illich now wants to *dedoctor* society: he babbles on about "iatrogenesis" (physician-caused disease) in *Medical Nemesis: The Expropriation of Health* (Pantheon, \$8.95). . . . The capitalist era is over, says Michael Harrington, who, after all, hasn't had a bestseller for years; perhaps the sales statistics of his new tome will cause him to revise its thesis: *The Twilight of Capitalism* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95). . . . God save us all! Arnold Toynbee's posthumous legacy to humanity is a small steamer trunk labeled *Mankind and Mother Earth: A Narrative History of the World* (Oxford, \$19.95). . . . Ashley Montagu offers the placid berry-picking societies as proof that human beings are not instinctively and predominantly aggressive (what about grape-pickers, Mr. Montagu?) in *The Nature of Human Aggression* (Oxford, \$9.95). . . . Dan Greenburg, who scored and told, has left off with prom queens: the objects of his present attentions are ghosts and things, whom he discusses in *Something's There* (Doubleday, \$8.95). . . . Harold Robbins' new heroine is lonely—God knows why, she sounds from the blurb to be That *Cosmopolitan*

tors legitimately weigh in the balance: compassion, morality, our sense of justice, and proportionality. To think that punishment in general tends to deter is not automatically to opt for the most draconian penalties.

BUT THESE issues are never reached if the sweeping no-deterrence theory is given sway. Van den Haag persuasively argues that it should not be. He meets the argument on theoretical grounds when he discusses a commentator's dictum that, "The belief in the value of deterrence rests on the assumption . . . that we base our actions on a careful calculation of the gains and losses involved. These assumptions, dear to many lawyers, have long since been abandoned in the social sciences." That assumption is not dear to any lawyer I know, and it is no more necessary to the theory of deterrence than the conception of "economic man," who calculates alternative increments of pleasure from every penny spent, is necessary to microeconomic theory.

Both law and economics are often concerned with behavior in the aggre-

gate—in *The Lonely Lady* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95). . . . The subject of Jim Bowle's new biography is a politician who was on the losing side of absolutely every issue: *Charles I: A Biography* (Little, Brown, \$12.50). . . . Who but a Laura Anagarika Govinda could have written a *Creative Meditation and Multiconsciousness* (Quest Books, cloth \$11, paper \$4.95)?

■ CHILDREN'S BOOKS: The woes of a little stutterer named P-P-P-Polly B-B-B-Banks are the subject of S-S-S-Sally K-K-K-Kelley's *Trouble with Explosives* (Bradbury, \$5.95, ages 9-12). . . . A young lemming named Bubber warns the lemming community against the perils of brinksmanship in Alan Arkin's book—illustrated by Joan Sandlin—*The Lemming Condition* (Harper & Row, \$4.95, ages 9 and up). . . . Ann Rockwell retells the Gallic tale of a migrained goose seeking sanctuary in Chambord or someplace and a master chef to make her peppermint tea, in *Poor Goose* (Crowell, \$6.50, illustrated by the author, ages 4-8). . . . Yahweh, it appears from Isaac Bashevis Singer's *A Tale of Three Wishes* (Farrar, Straus, \$4.95, illustrated by Irene Lieblich, ages 4 and up), knows that happiness is getting what you want—much later. . . . Women get credit for, among other things, scalping the forebears of AIM, in Selma R. Williams' *Demeter's Daughters: The Women Who Founded America, 1587-1787* (Atheneum, \$9.95, ages 12 and up).

gate, and in both disciplines predictions can be made *as if* individuals calculated closely. Van den Haag sketches the economic model of crime, for criminal—like all human—activity may be expected to decrease in frequency as the costs of engaging in it rise. He might, perhaps, have made more of the fact that the no-deterrence theory implies and hence requires an unstated revolutionary theory of human behavior; for, if generalized, it is contradicted by microeconomics, the most successfully predictive of the social sciences.

Van den Haag also adduces experimental and statistical evidence. The reader of sardonic bent may enjoy the experiment that allowed students to check their own answers on multiple choice quizzes. Left alone, they cheated by changing wrong answers 34 per cent of the time; when moral exhortation about honesty was tried, the rate rose to 41 per cent; offered credible threats of punishment, the students responded with a 12 per cent cheating rate. After summarizing statistical studies, van den Haag concludes that "The preponder-

ance of evidence—as distinguished from assumptions and guesses—now points to the effectiveness of general deterrence. 'Special deterrence'—the rehabilitative treatment of the offender—does not work: those who are punished because they already have committed crimes are quite likely to commit more, and perhaps no fewer than they would have without punishment. But this is irrelevant to the deterrence of others." The statement that rehabilitation does not work must not, of course, be confused with the statement that it can never be made to work. Perhaps, as has been suggested, we should shift the primary rehabilitative effort from the prison to the period of the former prisoner's reunification with society and focus on his difficulties in gaining employment.

THE ARGUMENT that criminals are "sick" and should, therefore, be subjected to therapy rather than punishment raises the difficulty that we do not know how to treat such individuals effectively. But van den Haag examines the contention on its own terms, noting that "attempts to reduce 'right' or 'wrong' to 'healthy' or 'unhealthy' merely disguise and shift moral problems from one forum to another without solving them." He goes on to argue that prison populations do not differ significantly from comparable non-convict groups in any of the known symptoms of disease. This being so, the sickness argument is either not supported or reduced to the status of a comforting but misleading metaphor.

No one can doubt that social and cultural conditions heavily affect rates of crime, but the implication that punishment is therefore unjust would follow only if those who live in adverse conditions cannot avoid criminal behavior. Since most do avoid it, the implication is false. Indeed, crime so greatly deteriorates communities that failure to respond to it is a social injustice to those who live there. "The alternatives 'improve social conditions' and 'increase punishment,'" van den Haag very sensibly remarks, "are not mutually exclusive."

Rising crime rates are almost universal in Western and Westernized societies, and van den Haag notes the complexity of the reasons, though he also states, "American crime rates are high because punishment rates are low," and, "The difficulty is in the courts." It

is a common observation that our trial courts give light sentences and overuse probation, but there are complex reasons for that as well. For one thing, they and the prison system are swamped by the crime rate; for another, courts reflect a general disinclination to punish that seems associated with a decline in society's confidence in its values. The process cannot be reversed simply by legislating harsher penalties, though mandatory minimum sentences would help in some categories of offenses. What is needed are higher arrest rates and so predictable an infliction of punishment that it will no longer be possible to observe, as James Q. Wilson does, that "Most of those charged with offenses can be divided into two groups: those for whom arrest is an embarrassment and those for whom it is a mere inconvenience." That will require a costly commitment of additional resources to police, prosecutors, courts, and prisons, as well as to experiments with new forms of rehabilitative effort. Punishment for deterrence may be no panacea, but van den Haag argues rigorously and persuasively that it is one indispensable tool for reducing crime rates to tolerable levels and for reinforcing the central values that define us as a community. □

Memoirs

By Tennessee Williams

Doubleday, 264 pp., \$8.95

A ROUND ON THE HOUSE

D. KEITH MANO

There is prejudice involved here: for old times' sake I owe Tennessee Williams a round or two on the house. His dialogue fitted my mouth, my adolescent intonations, my just-broken voice. Fitted so many mouths back then. Fifteen years ago there wasn't a young actor who didn't live secretly *On the Waterfront*, in that dim, flash-lit taxicab with Brando. The Method and Williams were twinned out of one zygote. He wrote for Method actors. It didn't make us good, but we were at ease, well taken care of. There was leisure for pacing, pauses; for the idiosyncratic and personal. Actors could

smoke a cigarette, Stanley Kowalski didn't mind; Hamlet never gave them time to light up. Today we understand that both—technique and playwright—were perhaps self-indulgent. The painful, raw naturalness wasn't natural at all. It was that most seductive and forgivable of lies: romanticism, sweating, stinking through a torn shirt.

And the *Memoirs* are self-indulgent, too. Gentle and proud and fey and fearful and elegiac; so honest that honesty itself seems a put-on. By page 15 you won't wonder where Blanche Du Bois came from. Williams has suffered; Lordy, how he has suffered. For him, pain is the imprimatur that stamps genius, the sign of attention given by an otherwise inattentive world. Society has unloaded this myth on us: nothing great can be pleasant. All writers accept it; there *must* be something wrong with that good first-draft paragraph. Too easy. And we are judged by the quality of our living: things traumatic will be preferred. Jorge Luis Borges, a second- or third-rate writer, has been canonized for his blindness. Van Gogh is better than Mondrian: it's harder to do. Williams has said, "What is my profession but living . . . ?" Facts, risks: in a sense all art, even the most surreal, is palmed off as some sort of investigative reportage. Writers, presumably, have been on the spot. They are scapegoats, Christ figures who managed to mail a redeeming and cathartic message back from life's DMZ. This is the romanticism behind Williams' romanticism. But give him credit, he didn't cheat: Williams' life has been a U.S. prime disaster. Read *Memoirs*, you'll find them interesting. Also, you could probably write the \$8.95 off as a charitable deduction.

OPERATIONS: three for cataracts, one intestinal, one, good grief, for suspected breast cancer. Forty years' worth of cardiac trouble. A seven-year depression that put him in the loony shed. Alcohol and drugs and crazing insomnia. A lobotomized sister. A cold, tyrannical father. A lukewarm, tyrannical mother. Abject poverty. And for

every *Streetcar* or *Menagerie* there were at least three devastating bombs. Tennessee Williams is someone who went joyfully, innocently to bed with life and got a case of crabs from it.

THAT IMAGE isn't gratuitous. It jibes with the text. Williams, frail of heart, kept a place set for death. No pose self-dramatized him better. But the cof-

fin he slept in had a queen-size mattress. Reading *Memoirs*, you learn more about anality, cruising, clap, homosexual dynamics, than you ever learn about American theater. A terrible, hungry love-lust charged Williams' writing. In this he is not unique, just gossipy, extra overt. The sensual, AC or DC, has always been part of an artistic metabolism. Indeed, one can sense that creative

processes are somehow more immodest, certainly more fragile, than the most express and enormous sexual act. "Work!!—the loveliest of all four-letter words, surpassing even the importance of love, most times." Work is the significant intimacy and he will not, will not, discuss it. "My habits of work are so much more private than my daily and nightly existence." "All good art is an indiscretion." Or a mistake. Or a bit of foolish luck. Who knows? Gentlemanly, protective silence hides the author-typewriter relationship: romanticism again, self-drama. It is simpler to maintain an erection than a successful first act, but both can be talked away.

Two years running now I have cast my PEN Nobel Prize ballot for Tennessee Williams. It won't do him much good, I'm afraid. Williams' oeuvre is spectacularly uneven and dated. But that datedness comprises a momentous decade in American theater. The Method's almost mute, anguished, powerful wrestling with self—struggles that are time-bound in Williams' work—symbolized awareness of a new interior world. Onstage and offstage. Yet this never became a selfish business; it wasn't our present feel-good subjectivity. Williams balanced the personal and the real with lyric romance. It happened to be an unnatural equipoise; it



couldn't last. Drama, given sophistication, spurned him in just a few years. For the man this had sad consequences. Tennessee Williams is not our greatest living writer. In 1976, though, I suspect that he has to be our most important.

□

André Malraux

By Jean Lacouture

Pantheon, 510 pp., \$12.95

MALRAUX'S FATE

CHARLES NICOL

Smoking cigarettes like a tree dropping leaves in a high wind, an intense, nervous man with a rippling facial tic, Malraux was so full of energy he could not sit still. We know him primarily as an author; the French know him as a Renaissance man more interested in variety than consistency, more excited by action than by art.

His life validated his writing. Mauriac nicely described him as "a great writer whose greatness concerns the life he led." Adventurer, revolutionary, journalist, soldier, politician, statesman—as a novelist committed to testing himself in the world he makes Hemingway look pale and Norman Mailer silly (admittedly, no hard task).

Still, Malraux's own heroes were those prophets of revolution, Nietzsche and Dostoevsky, and those scholarly soldier-statesmen, Lawrence of Arabia and General de Gaulle. While he seems fit company for all four, the very mobility that makes Malraux fascinating reduces his stature compared to any one of his models. A gambler who joins in a game only if the stakes are high, he often seems merely to play with the materials of life; in art, war, and politics he seems more a dilettante than a militant. The personal challenge is more important than the issues, and life's meaning is a matter of style. His present biographer argues that Malraux eventually developed a sense of commonality, but this is debatable.

Since the life and the writing validated each other, Malraux tended to fictionalize his life in the service of his legend. After *La Condition Humaine* (translated as *Man's Fate*)—a powerful fictional recreation of the fight for

Shanghai in 1927 among the colonial powers, the Communists, and the Kuomintang—Malraux wrote to Edmund Wilson that he had been "Kuomintang commissar first in Indochina, then in Canton." The statement has no truth in it. But this confusion between art and life helps explain Malraux's erratic career as well as the peculiar excitement of his novels.

Malraux's legend makes him an inevitable, but difficult, target for biographers. Sometimes the facts are in dispute; sometimes the area in dispute is political, and subject to a wide range of interpretation. Jean Lacouture has solved these problems well. In the more questionable occurrences of his subject's life, he has presented Malraux's own view (or views—Malraux's autobiographical statements frequently contradict each other), then pointed out the discrepancies in that view, then cited a disparaging interpretation by another critic, then defended Malraux against that critic's excesses, and finally offered his own assessment. Placed in this context of differing opinions, Lacouture's interpretation seems confident and reasonable; the reader is left with ample room to disagree, but little wish to do so.

Malraux started as a slight, precious writer of near-nonsense, similar in style to those of his friends who were soon to start the Surrealist Movement. Knowledgeable in the visual arts as well as in literature, he concocted a scheme to steal the carvings from an abandoned Khmer temple in Indochina for adventure and profit. Lacouture makes clear that Malraux received numerous warnings from the French colonial government of Indochina against archaeological raids, and that, in spite of Malraux's life-long denials, his several trunkfuls of stone carvings sawed off a temple in the Cambodian jungle were stolen property. Malraux was caught, tried, and detained in Indochina; influential friends soon won him a more lenient retrial, but this brush with colonial authorities gave him a feeling of identification with the undoubtedly suppressed Indochinese, and

he stayed on to help write a highly critical newspaper. On his way back to France, he visited Shanghai for only a couple of days. Clearly, the inspired descriptions of revolutionary China in Malraux's novel are extrapolations from his experiences with the Vietnamese.

RETURNING to France, he wrote the novels that made him famous: novels about revolutionaries rather than revolutions, inspired by the Dostoevsky of *The Possessed* as much as by contemporary events. His revolutionaries test themselves by their actions, and remain indifferent to the judgment of history. He was a fellow-traveler at this time, but no Marxist. He saw himself as a mediator between the Communists and the non-Communist Left in France and played his role successfully. He also made one absurd airplane flight over the Sahara to find the ruins of the city of the Queen of Sheba, with the connivance of a Paris newspaper.

He organized an air squadron in the Spanish Civil War, finally getting a taste of the fighting he described so eloquently in his novels. Yet for Malraux, as for his heroes, warfare remained an elitist activity; he was, after all, both an airman and a celebrity. He proved his manhood to everyone's satisfaction. When the Communists took over the leftist side, he was grateful rather than disillusioned; he was surprised when the Fascists won the war.

He returned to France to find the Second World War nearly at his doorstep. Obviously modeling himself after Lawrence of Arabia, he enlisted as a private in the tank corps; he was apparently disappointed when the officers failed to notice that they had a celebrity in their ranks. His unit was quickly captured, like the rest of France. But after escaping from his internment duties as an agricultural worker, Malraux surprisingly failed to join the Resistance until very late in the war, after his brother had been killed. Then he set up an essentially fictitious command post in the countryside, attempting to coordinate the activities of the three rival Resistance groups in his area (the British-led SOE, the Communist FTP, and the Gaullist AS). Malraux's unit was effective in the final stages of the war, though Malraux himself was eventually captured by the Germans.

After the war, Malraux argued passionately against a Communist take-



over in France. Dedicated to de Gaulle, he joined the cabinet both times that the General took power. As a prominent member of the Left, Malraux was a useful supporter of de Gaulle's increasingly conservative government. Liberals who see this as a betrayal miss the point: Malraux's world is a world of heroes rather than ideologies, and he subscribes to the old view that history is the lives of great men. De Gaulle was a great man, and Malraux refused to join any coalition governments that did not include de Gaulle. He saw his own assignment as Minister of Culture as another personal test. However, Malraux was not an especially effective Minister; he loved the potentialities of revolution too well to appreciate the more subtle uses of real power. The only situation that galvanized Malraux into action was the student rebellion of 1968, where he again played a mediating role. He could always sway a crowd. (If the translations here are at all accurate, Malraux's speeches were both eloquent and obscure; difficult to follow and at times incoherent, they were nevertheless full of poetry and calls to action.)

Malraux generates electricity like a massive turbine. His best books are huge batteries that still spark. If he sometimes spun aimlessly, dreaming of a chance to connect, he nevertheless was, and is, an enigmatic figure to more placid men. □

The Dying of the Light: A Searching Look at America Today

By Arnold A. Rogow

Putnam, 384 pp., \$10

ONE FROM THE WONDER BREAD LEFT

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

The Dying of the Light is a notable book for this sole reason: it is vile in the revelatory way that the staggeringly blatant representative of any meretricious yet popular genre is vile. On that ground alone is it worth looking into—and on that ground alone is it worth discussing. In the Wonder Bread prose of an academician gone public, Mr. Rogow indulges himself in nearly every clichéd intellectual perversity known to

the practitioner of midcult, left-wing cultural criticism. Needless to say, among those perversities are not to be found logic, rhetorical coherence, original observation, or common sense. What *is* to be found is a persistent willfulness on the part of the author—a lust to believe ill of the only world he knows in order that he may think well of another (half-illusory) world with which, I suspect, he has but a second-



hand acquaintance. That lust is of course a common phenomenon in the West today, and bespeaks a fundamental arrogance in the bosom of its harbinger—the pride of a man who considers himself too wise, too detached and cerebral, to accept what exerts a visceral tug upon the loyalties of common folk; and in

the end it generally beguiles its host into a hallucinatory condition in which he drifts beyond reality.

HENRY FAIRLIE wrote an article, recently published in *Commentary*, in which he argued that the sort of rancid scorn for and hatred of the United States that has infected so much of the American intelligentsia derives from a sense of disillusionment that could be experienced only by people who had been bred to think of their country as a consciously engineered experiment in human righteousness—a society that could fail to fulfill its promise only through the conscious betrayal of its citizens. Certainly this disillusionment appears to be in large part what ails Mr. Rogow, Professor of Political Science at another great experiment for humankind, the City University of New York. For Rogow, the United States of America—most powerful bulwark of what he refers to as “the so-called Free World”—is not really a free society, and scarcely even a decent one. It is instead a stew of private decadence and public corruption, whose citizens—with varying degrees of conscious deliberation—build ghettos in the cities; perform “genasthenia” (a “systematic weakening of a race”); wallow in “gerontophobia”; frustrate

sexually the nation's teenagers and ugly people (also people who can't afford to take a gal out to dinner); oppress Third World peoples and Communists (in deed only: they don't go about *telling* people, “We will bury you”); and plunder the globe of its natural resources.

TO BUILD his case, Rogow employs numerous strategic devices. One is the unbalanced analogy: “Perhaps the perfect analogy for the condition of the poor in the United States is the condition of the prisoner. . . . Poverty, it could be said . . . also involves a sentence.” (Why sure: *anything* can be said, particularly if one takes out a poetic license to say it.) Another is the application of the most strict moral standards to the United States, and the most relative to, say, the Soviet Union: Hedrick Smith, the former Moscow correspondent for the *New York Times* who has just published a book called *The Russians*, in which he describes that people's expertise at modulating gracefully from public codes to private standards, would doubtless be curious to know what Rogow means when he says that the Soviet Union's “value system is relatively intact. . . .” Yet another device is what I can only describe as the false statement: “The problems of inequality and race have been resolved, to the extent that they have been resolved, not by democratic governments, but by authoritarian regimes.” (Is Mr. Rogow thinking of Uganda? Of South Africa?) But ultimately, Rogow rests his case upon lists of various exemplary atrocities and sordid acts whose perpetrators have been American citizens. Thus he writes that Agnew took bribes and Nixon lied, and that a significant percentage of business executives admit to being expected by their superiors occasionally to cut moral corners to get things done. QED: America is a morally sick nation. (Similarly, Susan Brownmiller adduced from her historical catalogue of rapes that the overriding historical relationship between the sexes is based upon rape.) Rogow also draws conclusive evidence from his ability to show that somewhere, someone is not having a good time: “An important and conspicuous failure of the so-called sexual revolution is that it makes no provision for those who cannot form loving relationships and who, for one reason or another, are unable to find

sexual partners without resort to bribery or force." (After all, the true test of a decent society is, is it not, the condition of its horny people?) This is the man of whom Mr. Richard Goodwin wrote in the *New York Times Book Review* that he "has confronted the major problems of our time and emerged, if not unscathed, at least with some important truths."

The Dying of the Light is a self-contradictory thing, I suppose, for the reason that the author, like so many of his ilk, sympathizes with so many varieties of oppressed people that he has become one of those men Dr. Johnson described as being so many things that they are nothing—a terrible fate, be it said, for a writer—and that his allegiances have become desperately at odds with each other. Thus Rogow, whose principal thesis is that "the future of American democracy depends upon our willingness to settle for less—less influence in world affairs, less independence in managing our personal affairs, less consumption and reckless allocation of resources . . ."—waxes wroth over the infringements by the Nixon Administration upon civil liberties, and proposes a list of formulated social programs so vast that those programs would, if carried to fruition, bankrupt the country and bleed its foreign suppliers faster than whole continentsful of wicked multinational corporations. And thus too Rogow writes of an anti-busing citizen: "Presumably he belonged to the 66 per cent of Americans who were strongly opposed to busing, notwithstanding the fact that busing impinged little or not at all on the lives of most citizens"—only to accuse, in another chapter, white suburbanites of ignoring America's genasthenic tendencies, which pre-

sumably do not threaten *them* in the least.

Rogow, who doesn't hold out much hope for the future of the Republic, does offer this prescription: "They [our leaders] must become . . . miracle workers, and since, at present, they are something less than that and are not likely to improve much in the foreseeable future, that becoming would be the greatest miracle of all." As the Duke of Wellington might have said, if you can write that, you can write anything. □

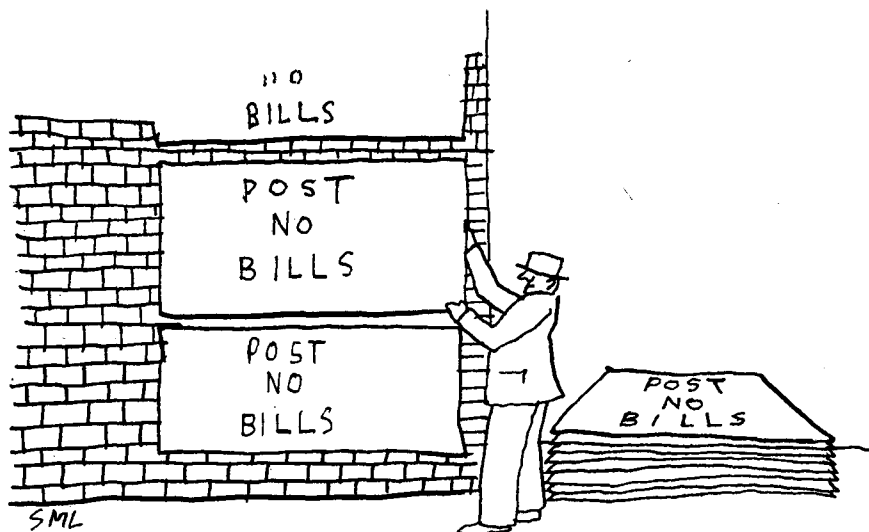
BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GODS OF ANTENNA, by Bruce Herschensohn (Arlington House, 155 pp., \$7.95). The seismograph measuring journalistic paranoia is in for another jolt. Once the media digest this indictment of their proclivity for slanted reportage, the shock waves Spiro touched off at Des Moines will seem a distant tremor by contrast. Herschensohn will be dismissed as obviously biased (he served Richard Nixon as director of Motion Picture and Television Services of the United States Information Agency from 1968 to 1972). Furthermore: What can you expect from Arlington House? Well, you can expect a lucid analysis of a media blitz. Mr. Herschensohn skillfully guides the reader through a veritable minefield of manipulative techniques that have become the subtle hallmark of network newscasts. He does not pretend to be neutral. Rather, he challenges those commentators who masquerade behind the façade of "fairness" to abandon the charade and fly their colors. Skewered like so many kabobs on the shaft of their own words, "the gods" appear more life-sized. David Brinkley suggests: "Anyone who is totally objective should be locked up." Dan Rather says objectivity, like the Ten

Commandments, is "a goal worth reaching for but impossible to live up to." Consider Daniel Schorr's reflective concession: "This past year [the year of Watergate] a new kind of journalism developed and I found myself doing on a daily routine some things I would never have done before . . . the press began to try men in the most effective court in the country. . . . We've gotten good at uncovering those stories we shouldn't be covering at all . . . we ought to withdraw from it as soon as possible." (The scourge of the CIA has obviously since recovered from this temporary attack of conscience.) "The power to determine each day what shall seem important and shall be neglected is a power unlike any that has been exercised since the Pope lost his hold on the secular mind," wrote Walter Lippmann. In the wake of a fallen President and a military defeat, Lippmann's warning is especially ominous. So is this book. ALAN L. MILLER

CHILDREN OF THE SUN, by Martin Green (Basic Books, 470 pp., \$15). The decline of the West is a saga with many versions. In England between the World Wars, it was hurried along by the constellation of personalities that shone brightest among the intellectual and social elites. The archetype was a lavender-colored young man, defining his perspective on the world through his rejection of Victorian sobrieties and his determination to turn his persona into a career. He might have been a wit of Noël Coward's stripe, or as close to total inarticulateness as David, Prince of Wales. He might have been as cerebral as W. H. Auden and the Sitwells, or a person of limited brainpower, given to upper-class bragging and insults, like Randolph Churchill. He might have been flesh and blood or he might have been fiction: Christopher Isherwood or Lord Peter Wimsey, Comus Bassington or Bertie Wooster. Whichever he was, he would have agreed with Cyril Connolly that life, after 26, is anticlimactic. He wanted none of the responsibility of maturity, whether for managing his own character (those sun children who read all loved *Dorian Gray*), raising a family, running governments, or safeguarding the continuities of civilization. Martin Green depicts the sun children all the more penetratingly by contrasting them with their spiritual opposites. There were defenders of adult humanity against the glittering Peter Pans: they were not many, but some of them were powerful forces—George Orwell, D. H. Lawrence, Robert Graves, F. R. Leavis, Evelyn Waugh. Of these Waugh is perhaps the most reverberant. Waugh transcended his ambivalences (he understood the dandies/aesthetes because he was, to a degree, one of them) by becoming the best satirical writer of his time, and by incorporating into his life the disciplines and self-realizations of faith.

ANNE CRUTCHER



SPORTSWORLD, by Robert Lipsyte (*Quadrangle*, 292 pp., \$10). As one of the new breed of sportswriters, Mr. Lipsyte writes about racism and repression as much as he does about home runs and touchdowns. And his sympathies are always showing. Although his travels with Muhammad Ali take up almost half the book, Mr. Lipsyte seems never to have asked this often bigoted fighter any uncomfortable questions (questions he certainly did not spare Bill Bradley). And, discussing Jack Scott, the sports activist who has been accused of harboring Patty Hearst, Lipsyte calls him "the most progressive and hopeful influence on American sports in recent history." Still, the book has its good moments. Mr. Lipsyte movingly portrays Dick Tiger, the Ibo boxer who lost everything but his dignity in the Nigerian civil war. There are also some nice quotes: Hubert Humphrey, glad-handing his way through the Los Angeles Dodgers locker room, was told by one player: "Take a hike, Pinky." And there's the story about Dr. Spock. On his 72nd birthday, a reporter asked the world-famous pediatrician, author, and anti-war hero which of his achievements he was most proud of. Dr. Spock's reply: the gold medal he won rowing for Yale in the 1924 Olympics.

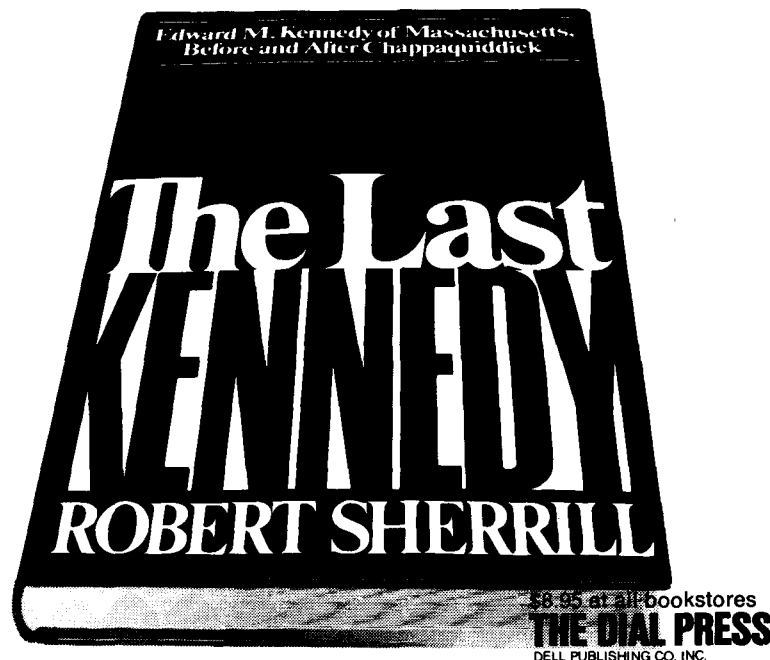
KEVIN LYNCH

W. H. AUDEN, *A Tribute*, edited by Stephen Spender (Macmillan, 255 pp., \$14.95). Some of the essays in this nicely arranged, handsomely illustrated *Festschrift* are analyses of Auden's writing (Christopher Isherwood's 1937 piece, with a new note added for the occasion, was quirky but particularly illuminating); but by far the majority are personal reminiscences, of Auden the student, the teacher, and above all, the friend. The usual way of reviewing such a book is to mention a few of the pieces one liked best—for me, the ones by Louis Kronenberger, Orlan Fox (a young friend of Auden's in his last New York years), Hannah Arendt, James Stern, Anne Fremantle (on Auden's religion); Stephen Spender's valediction; and the verse by Lincoln Kirstein, John Hollander, and Chester Kallman—and then enter into one's own reminiscences. Alas, I did not know Auden except through his writing. But I would like to offer a story told me by a man who taught at Smith when Auden was there, and that I have never seen in print. One of Auden's distinguishing characteristics was his carpet slippers, which he would wear on all occasions, even the most formal. On the Smith campus, he also carried around a shoebox, and although no one had ever seen him wear shoes, people wondered whether perhaps he carried a pair with him for form's sake. Then one day, as Auden was chatting with a colleague, he opened the box, with a shy, sly smile, to reveal, nestled in tissue paper, a bottle of gin.

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LEARY

(Continued from page 390)

electronic and chemical neural-vulnerabilities are ripped off by commercial exploiters. Dylan whined endlessly for himself and his own Lost Innocence. In recent statements and actions, however, it is clear that Dylan is beginning to sense that it was no accident that he was propelled into premature pop-star status by forces he himself detests. He is beginning to discover that you can't look back. He now seems to be listening, learning. He seems able, at last, to sidestep the literary Mafia that sought to freeze him as a beatnik poet. Dylan is mutating. Don't retire, Bob, you haven't started yet.

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Meanwhile Henry Fonda plays Clarence Darrow and F. Lee Bailey plays Perry Mason and Petrocelli gets a million dollars from the Hearst Foundation to defend Patty. ☐

COYNE

(Continued from page 391)

tang-driving revolutionaries. And there is little point in campaigning against McGovernism, for the Carter surge seems to suggest that McGovernism is not the force in the Democratic Party that it once promised to be.

Wallace not attacking is simply not Wallace, and part of his predicament is shared by Reagan. Perhaps the Right, as we have come to know it over the past decade and a half, simply cannot make its points without a radical Left to score against. Like Wallace, Reagan seems somewhat out of step with the

new political stirrings, a man very much of the Sixties. Reagan is most vividly remembered against a backdrop of chaos, with scenes from Berkeley and characters from the New Left. But that backdrop has changed dramatically. We don't know yet what it will look like when the painters have finally filled it in. But odds are that it will be totally different from what we have become used to.

The standard reasons are of course being advanced to explain Reagan's defeat, and they're probably all valid. His early campaign strategy is now seen as defective. There may have been insufficient concentration on the truly important issues, and no doubt he did fail to draw sharp distinctions between his programs and philosophy, and Ford's. There may also have been too little fire in the belly, a certain lack of appetite for power. And then, too, there was the Ford momentum, his revamped campaign organization, his discovery of the power of the incumbent.

All of this, I believe, is true. But there may be another explanation. On balance, Reagan's campaign was a good one, possibly the best he could have run. But perhaps he was simply the right man for the wrong time; the issues to which he addressed himself and the language in which he addressed them seem a throwback to a very recent but rapidly fading past.

There is, as Carter's candidacy

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proves, a definite anti-Establishment mood among the voters. But Reagan himself, while not a man of Washington, is very definitely a member of the Republican Establishment, and as such is unable to present himself convincingly as the personification of the new anti-Establishment mood.

How precisely does that mood translate into politics? No one is quite sure yet, but it is increasingly obvious that many voters simply no longer respond to the old issues addressed in the old rhetoric. In Illinois, for instance, it appears that foreign policy was no longer a central issue—except, perhaps, among those ethnic groups whose lives are directly and personally touched by that policy. It is also apparent that the social issues mean less than they once did unless, again, people are directly affected. And even the economy, which a few months ago seemed destined to emerge as *the* issue, has now, because of its sustained recovery, become something less than a burning concern. True, that recovery is in part cosmetic. But issues such as deficit spending apparently have little effect on the new-mood voters so long as there's money in their pockets.

The old issues, in short, are widely perceived today as non-issues, and the new emphasis seems to be on the personal, the emotional—something that Reagan simply isn't equipped to deal with.

It's difficult to say all this, and especially difficult for one who is a long-time Reagan admirer. For a decade he has been a central symbol of everything that is best in what we call the conservative movement, and if his approach and his ideas are obsolete, then so are those of many of us who believe in him. And it's never much fun to be a middle-aged anachronism.

But if all this is true, if we are really at the end of one period in American politics, if there is something as yet shapeless stirring around out there, something that defies ideological labeling and shuns all the old tags, then will Ford, who—unlike Reagan—runs on a platform of all things to all men, fare any better in a general election than Reagan fared in the first five primaries?

Perhaps. If Carter does succeed in winning the nomination, Ford could well become the candidate of many of the pro-Establishment types in both parties, in which case the Establishment would probably be able to sustain itself for four more years. Old shoes

are always more comfortable than new. And if the Democrats go with the oldest shoe of all, Humphrey, the voters, lulled to sleep by waves of endless clichés, will probably not turn out in sufficient strength to make much difference.

A race between Ford and Humphrey may be the most fitting way to end the decade, two of the most stereotyped old Capitol Hill wheel horses plodding through what may prove the last race of its type. And there is a certain symmetry in the idea of one of the old breed presiding over the last few years of this wretched decade.

But in the meantime, they're out there, the Carters and the Browns, smiling strangely, almost mystically, at the befuddled Establishment categorizers and classifiers, their heads popping up all over the political landscape like asparagus shoots in springtime.

Conservative? Moderate? Liberal? Perhaps all of the above. Perhaps one or two of them. Or perhaps none of them at all. Perhaps the terms are being totally redefined. Perhaps, in Illinois, Jimmy Carter began working on a new dictionary of American politics.

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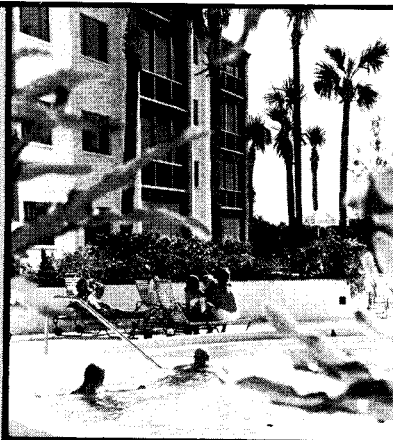
Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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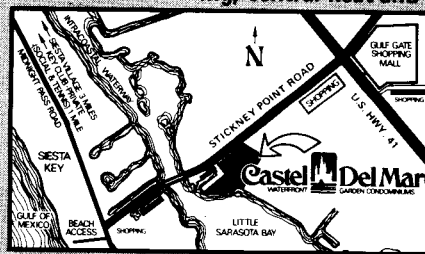
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What Next for Reagan?

On The Right

New York, March 20—Ronald Reagan, it would appear, has lost his fight for the presidential nomination. It seems clear that he lost it for two reasons, not necessarily in the order of importance: 1) The incumbent President, for all his seeming fragility, is as hard to tumble as an Egyptian pyramid. 2) A challenge to an incumbent President posed by someone who appears to come from the far end of the political spectrum is particularly difficult. Bear in mind that Reagan did much better against Ford than Eugene McCarthy did against Lyndon Johnson. Even so, Reagan has not done well enough to secure his own nomination, nor is it by any means obvious that Eugene McCarthy could have secured his against the massed might of President Johnson. After all, when the confrontation came—on the issue of the nomination of Hubert Humphrey, Johnson's man—Johnson won. And it seems in retrospect clear that Humphrey did better against Nixon than Eugene McCarthy, or even Bobby Kennedy, would have done.

GOVERNOR REAGAN is a very unusual man in politics. He truly concerns himself with the problems he has been instrumental in causing his own supporters. It was so in 1968 when, arriving in Miami, he announced that he was a candidate for the Presidency. He did not believe he had a chance to get the nomination. But by that time his friends had made it clear to him that they felt he owed them a race, even in the two or three days left before the balloting. Reagan's friends, who have invested time and effort in his behalf in the forthcoming primaries, are now urging him to continue in the campaign. Their vote counts with Reagan.

There are several reasons for urging him to continue that go beyond the kind of forcefulness for which Mr. Reagan is well known. One is the continuing attention given to his criticisms of the Ford Administration. The newspapers of America have an interesting tic. If John Milton appeared in New York at Hunter College Playhouse and

recited the *Areopagitica*, he would not be noticed. If he had announced that morning that he was running for president of the City Council, he would be given coverage if he read from last week's funny papers.

REAGAN'S signal victory, viewing his race ideologically, has been his forcing President Ford to move toward, rather than away from, Reagan. For all the talk about Reagan's being an extremist, it remains that Gerald Ford found very little to criticize in Reagan's stated positions, relying more comfortably on the nightmare of the bogeyman—a ghostly scarecrow stuffed by Stuart Spencer—who would take away your Social Security, and open the dams on the Tennessee Valley. There are many weeks left before the campaign is officially over, and during those weeks Reagan can hone his criticisms of Mr. Ford; and Mr. Ford will probably not undertake to repudiate Reagan either personally or ideologically. He needs Reagan now much more than Reagan needs Ford, which is the paradox of Mr. Ford's victory.

The question of the Vice Presidency of course will loom large. It is the invariable protocol that one does not mention the Number Two spot, on the grounds that it is demoralizing to your workers. In fact, Mr. Reagan would make a splendid Vice President. We know from the recent experience with Spiro Agnew that a Vice President need not recede into anonymity. Agnew made himself the second most popular political figure in the land in virtue of a series of direct speeches that told searing truths about matters of great public concern. If it should happen, in Kansas City in August, that the party wished to launch into the Vice Presidency a conservative with a great gift for advocacy, it would urge on Mr. Ford either Reagan, or John Connally. Reagan, the party regular and former Republican governor of a Democratic state, is the preferable candidate.

But between now and then, a great reconciliation must take place. And it is, of course, on the issue of foreign

policy. Reagan cannot be Vice President in Charge of Defending Detente. He is not good at it, and it is not good for him. And Ford will have to learn that the way to repeal detente is not by semantic legerdemain. On this point Mr. Reagan will have to win—and probably will. And his selection as Vice President might be the most candid way in which Mr. Ford can phrase his capitulation. □

AN "A" FOR EFFORT IN GENEVA

Geneva, March 18
—The Human Rights Commission has been meeting

in Geneva for approximately six weeks, an event that has escaped the attention of most of the non-suffering population of the world, and all the suffering population of the world. It has proved to be one more of that dismal series of United Nations-sponsored human rights exercises the purpose of which is to reduce human rights to travesty. Someone once said that anyone who enjoys sausage should at all costs avoid seeing it made. Those who cherish illusions about the United Nations should never permit themselves to sit in on a meeting of the Human Rights Committee, or the Human Rights Commission.

But this year there was at least a little ginger. His name is Leonard Garment, and he is the United States Representative on the Human Rights Commission. Presumably a number of factors animated him to be—himself. Mr. Garment is an old-fashioned liberal, who took so seriously his beliefs in the presumption of innocence that he actually defended Richard Nixon—indeed, served him as chief counsel during a part of that grisly period—thus outraging many of his old friends who, where Nixon is concerned, believed that all men should act toward him as if they had learned their judicial manners from the Ku Klux Klan. Garment left the White House en route back to his law firm, but was derailed by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose principal assistant he became during

those exhilarating few months when the United States was permitted to speak the truth in the United Nations, gravely threatening that institution's stability.

In due course they got rid of Moynihan, but Garment meanwhile slipped off to Geneva. Whether it is that over here he is far enough removed from the little tailors of detente with their big scissors; or whether it is the Alpine air that fortifies right-mindedness; or whether it is simply the irrepressibility of Leonard Garment, the outcome has been some of the most nourishing anti-Soviet prose delivered since detente silenced the national tongue years ago.

THE Soviet Union—which never, ever gives up: if we had Russian blood in our veins, we'd wage the forthcoming presidential campaign on the slogan *54°40' or Fight!*—came back for the third time with a human rights resolution of the kind one would tend to yawn over if one knew the Russians less well. It is a resolution designating the right to life as the supreme right of them all. So what, you say? Well, the Soviet Union is engaged in constructing a subtle syllogism. Roughly, it goes this way. 1) The right to life is the pre-eminent right. 2) The right to life is jeopardized by war and threats of war. Therefore, 3) any activity that could threaten war endangers the supreme human right.

Now, since the Jackson Amendment threatens Soviet sovereignty, then by extension it also threatens war. Calls for observance of the Helsinki basket of promised freedoms are diplomatically disruptive—and therefore threaten the tranquillity of the world, which threat jeopardizes the supreme right to life. Get it?

Garment got it, and let the Commission of thirty-odd members have it. He pointed out that two years ago, the Russians tried the maneuver and failed. He pointed out that one year ago, the Russians, fiddling a little bit with the language, tried it and failed. He pointed out that this year, fiddling a little more with the ephemera of the language, they were trying it yet again: and *should* fail. But that the real danger was that they would succeed, a tribute to that tenacity which the Western nervous system is unable to contend with.

This time around, the Western powers—pretty much etiolated in any event—passed along to Garment the sleepy word that they would abstain on this one. Garment shot the word to Washington and asked for major efforts of a bilateral character: and these worked, even as Moynihan kept telling us they would. So that the day of the vote, we

had a solid grouping of seven, with one (Australia) abstention. The Soviet Union and the non-aligned ran over us with 22 votes.

A mini-episode, under the cynical aspect of the heavens. But you feel a lot different about it when at least you fought, as Garment did. □

A DUPE'S PROGRESS

London, March 16—

Any student of his career would have to acknowledge that Representative Edward Koch of Manhattan is, whatever his ideological failings, a man of principle, and a first-class public servant.

The story begins with an organization called "U.S. Committee for Justice to Latin-American Political Prisoners." A connoisseur, running his tongue over such a name, would acknowledge the high probability that it is a Committee for Immunity for any Latin-American Leftist. The signers of the Committee's recent petition in behalf of Hugo Blanco, identified as "author, internationally known Peruvian peasant-union leader, and refugee of the Chile coup," include such as Richard Fagan of Stanford, Richard Falk of Princeton, Congressman Michael Harrington, Tom Hayden late of the SDS, and Sidney Lens. The only person missing from *that* list is Kropotkin, and then only because he is dead.

BUT Edward Koch, to whom the Committee wrote asking him to intercede with the State Department to get a visa for Hugo Blanco, reaches no premature conclusions. So the long correspondence began.

1. Dr. Benjamin Spock (the baby doctor) to Koch. "Dear Ed: I feel indignant about the State Department's denying admission to a speaker whom many want to hear, presumably because he will testify to the brutality of the repression in Chile, and to our government's complicity in bringing it into power. Kissinger has all the instincts of a thug, coated over with professional pomposity. Sincerely, Benjamin Spock, MD."

2. Koch to Kissinger. Why aren't you giving a visa to Hugo Blanco?

3. McCloskey of the Department of State to Koch. "Mr. Blanco, a Peruvian citizen presently residing in Sweden, is ineligible for a visa under section 212 (a) (28) (F) of the Immigration and Nationality Act. A decision as to whether to recommend a waiver of his ineligibility to the Attorney General is receiving active consideration."

4. Koch to Spock ("Dear Ben"). Says he has written to Kissinger. And gives his own rules on the matter. "I take the position that with the exception of terrorists who publicly advocate murder in pursuit of their goals, those who want to have a full and free discussion of ideas should not be impeded in coming to this country for that purpose."

5. Koch to McCloskey. Why isn't the State Department recommending a waiver to let Blanco come in?

6. McCloskey to Koch. Because Blanco's "previous terrorist activities" led the State Department to "conclude it would not be in the public interest to authorize his temporary admission into the United States."

7. Koch to McCloskey. Hey, what exactly do you mean by Blanco's "previous terrorist activities"?

8. McCloskey to Koch. We're not allowed to divulge classified information.

9. Koch to McCloskey. That's a hell of a note. You aren't allowed to divulge secret information, but you go ahead and act on it. "I urge you to reconsider this matter."

10. McCloskey to Koch. We can't give you much of the information we have on Blanco, which is classified. However, "a part of the public record is his declaration that he took full and sole responsibility for the murders of three policemen which occurred during a raid he and his followers made on a police station in Peru during 1962. The *Congressional Record* of December 19, 1975, contains further information about his affiliation with the Fourth International and other groups, as well as quotations from his writings in which he has advocated the use of violence." Under the law, he simply cannot be given a visa.

11. Koch to Spock. Summarizes McCloskey's letter. And adds: "In your original letter to me your reference to Henry Kissinger was, 'has all the instincts of a thug, coated over with professional pomposity.' My question is, how would you now characterize Hugo Blanco?"

12. Spock to Koch. "Thank you for looking into the Hugo Blanco issue. I have no idea where the truth lies. The plea for his entry came from a responsible organization."

13. WFB to Koch. Nice going.

14. WFB to Spock. "Dear Ben: You are the incarnation of the dupe. And since you talk a lot of the time about justice, you will presumably be sending an apology to Henry Kissinger. I'd appreciate receiving a copy. Best, Bill." □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|
| A. — is a nation, not a road! (1914 utterance) | 31 51 2 73 44 178 24 | L. U. S. EAGLE's organizations | 108 151 86 46 101 67 113 |
| B. Organizations that may have millions of members (or only two each!) | 41 179 172 11 61 91 | M. A school yell engineered by cheerleaders | 95 134 152 160 167 182 129 35 145 174 |
| C. What a housewife might want to take to get away from it all | 68 33 78 106 143 53 114 119 133 | N. One of the colors of a rainbow | 146 127 17 28 112 40 |
| D. This kind of language might cost you dearly | 130 107 128 20 62 3 166 92 72 | O. Declare | 16 29 52 65 79 7 |
| E. You have to go backwards to find this person | 83 141 34 54 81 186 63 116 | P. A genus of large parrots found in New Zealand | 27 75 87 19 98 10 |
| F. What a gossip columnist is | 135 13 50 57 99 177 111 120 131 181 | Q. First name of Hardwicke (1893-1964) | 170 96 142 76 103 163 |
| G. City in England where carpets of the same name are manufactured | 140 66 25 168 45 84 74 149 55 | R. One with discriminating tastes | 5 47 110 97 153 77 117 |
| H. A famous passage (neither Biblical nor Shakespearean) | 157 164 64 105 93 4 187 85 136 | S. All these roads led to Rome | 80 154 121 139 88 |
| I. What an ambitious skunk might undertake | 1 6 22 38 56 148 | T. Part of a nursing bottle | 36 155 180 12 125 122 |
| J. Where OXEN TROD | 165 21 150 70 37 144 126 161 | U. The Latter-Day Saints made this blossom as the rose | 188 138 104 147 171 162 30 |
| K. If I were an Englishman, I'd spell this metallic element differently | 59 109 9 100 94 39 26 173 | V. Torture (verb) | 124 115 132 74 89 169 183 |
| | | W. Days that came nine days before the ides | 102 49 42 184 18 |
| | | X. Converses idly | 176 156 185 123 137 58 175 |
| | | Y. Unrestrained expression of feelings | 8 159 118 69 158 60 23 90 |
| | | Z. A man can't marry the sister of his | 48 15 32 71 43 82 |

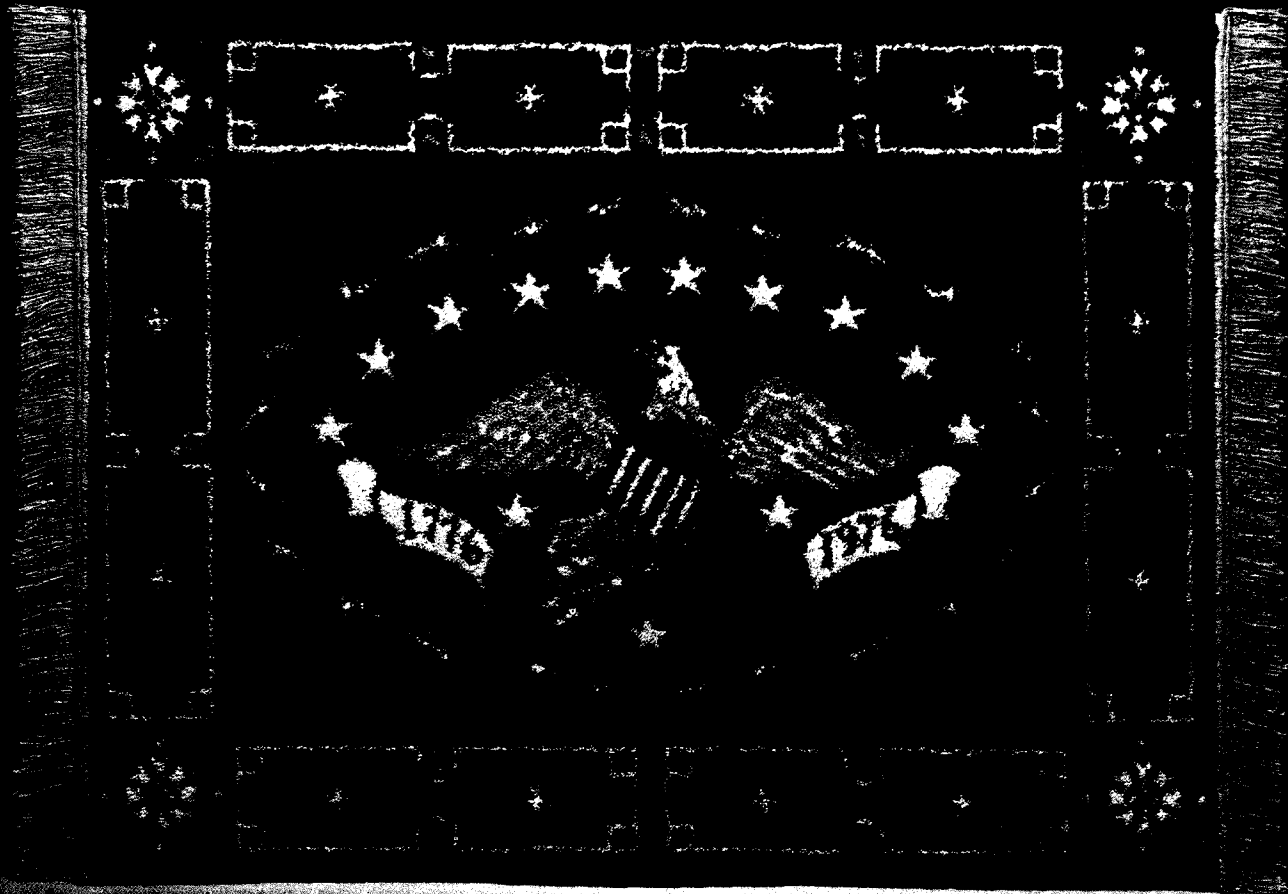
DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*.

See page 412 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1	I	2	A	3	D		4	H	5	R	6	I	7	O		8	Y	9	K	10	P	11	B	12	T	13	F		14	V	15	Z	16	O		
17	N	18	W		19	P	20	D	21	J		22	I	23	Y	24	A	25	G	26	K	27	P	28	N	29	O	30	U		31	A	32	Z	33	C	
34	E		35	M	36	T		37	J	38	I	39	K	40	N	41	B	42	W	43	Z	44	A	45	G	46	L		47	R	48	Z	49	W	50	F	
51	A	52	O	53	C	54	E	55	G	56	I		57	F	58	X	59	K	60	Y	61	B		62	D	63	E	64	H		65	O	66	G	67	L	
68	C	69	Y	70	J	71	Z	72	D	73	A		74	G	75	P	76	Q	77	R	78	C	79	O	80	S	81	E	82	Z		83	E	84	G	85	H
86	L	87	P	88	S	89	V	90	Y	91	B		92	D	93	H	94	K	95	M	96	Q		97	R	98	P	99	F	100	K	101	L	102	W	103	Q
104	U	105	H		106	C	107	D	108	L	109	K	110	R	111	F	112	N	113	L		114	C	115	V		116	E	117	R	118	Y	119	C	120	F	
121	S	122	T	123	X		124	V	125	T	126	J	127	N	128	D		129	M	130	D	131	F		132	V	133	C	134	M	135	F	136	H	137	X	
138	U	139	S		140	G	141	E	142	Q		143	C	144	J	145	M	146	N	147	U	148	I		149	G	150	J	151	L	152	M	153	R	154	S	
155	T	156	X	157	H	158	Y		159	Y	160	M	161	J		162	U	163	Q	164	H	165	J	166	D	167	M	168	G	169	V		170	Q	171	U	
172	B	173	K	174	M	175	X		176	X	177	F		178	A	179	B	180	T	181	F	182	M	183	V	184	W	185	X	186	E	187	H	188	U		

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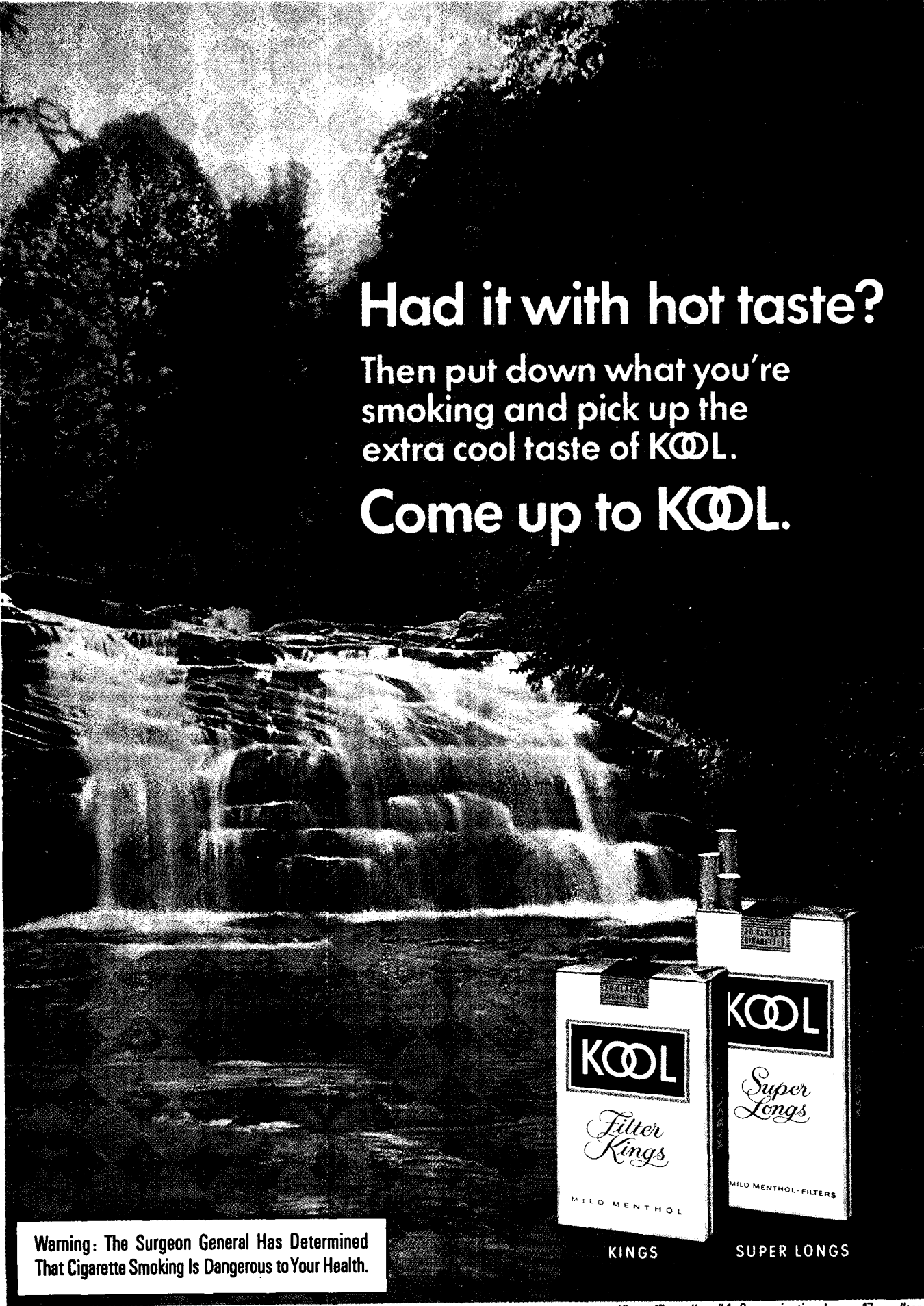
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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar,"
1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75